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The Nation.

September 26, 1981 $1.25

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EDITORIAL

WELCOME TO THE CLUB

A recently arrived Chinese Americanologist, who had been briefed on the so-called conservative mood in the country, would have been thoroughly mystified by some prominently played stories in the papers. Not only was President Reagan himself backing for the Supreme Court a woman who had once voted for a proabortion bill but others not otherwise known as radicals were uttering distinctly leftist sentiments. Someone, apparently, had mixed up the scripts.

How else can we explain such phenomena as Senator Howard Baker chastising Wall Street in tones reminiscent of William Jennings Bryan and the rest of that Populist crowd? Or Senator Barry Goldwater castigating the Moral Majority's tactics as "divisive" and having "little or nothing to do with liberal or conservative politics." Or the supreme leader of the Catholic Church issuing a ringing defense of unionism and describing strikes as a "legitimate" means of securing the "just rights" of workers.

Never mind that Howie was just being a good Administration man, that the Pope had his eye more on Poland than PATCO and that Barry regards "social issues" as sand in the legislative machinery, preventing the passage of conservative economic and defense programs. The point is that all three were saying things that, if Ralph Nader or Michael Harrington or George McGovern had said them, wouldn't have made the front page of *The New York Times*. What all this suggests is that the reigning media wisdom that has conservatism in the saddle and the left reeling may be what Walter Lippmann once called a "stereotype." If the new trend takes hold, we can expect to hear Senator Jesse Helms urging a Federal subsidy for Smokenders and Senator Jeremiah Denton extolling free love. As Goldwater observed re sexual promiscuity, "How the hell could you regulate that?"

CUBAN EXILE GUERRILLAS IN FLORIDA
Ronnie Lovler

CHICANO VOTES DON'T COUNT
David C. Kibbe
Kenneth Bain

SOFT-SELLING OF DÉTENTE
Katrina vanden Heuvel

SON OF 'GARP'
Gene Lyons

LIFE ON THE MISSISSIPPI
Richard Lingeman

THE L.I.D. SANITIZED
Kirkpatrick Sale

'PEOPLE OF THE DITCH'

INSIDE THE IRANIAN OPPOSITION

FRED HALLIDAY

Auvers-sur-Oise, France

The approach to the villa that houses former President Abolhassan Bani-Sadr of Iran and the man he appointed Prime Minister in exile, Massoud Rajavi, is one of deceptive rural calm. This is the village famed for an exile who stayed here years ago, the painter Vincent van Gogh. Van Gogh's traces are everywhere visible to the visitor walking from the railway station: the Parc Van Gogh, with a sculpture by Ossip Zakdine; the house where the painter died, now converted into a cafe, and, right opposite, the Hôtel de Ville, exactly as Van Gogh must have seen it from his front window, with its flowers and *tricolore*.

The scene changes abruptly as one nears the Iranian exiles' residence. Dozens of French riot police wearing bulletproof jackets and hefting rifles lurk under trees and behind hedges. Officials studiously pore over one's identification as the local inhabitants watch. The latter complain about the inconvenience of these security cordons but admit that the burglary rate has plummeted.

Once through the French security net, one is in Iran. Outside the one-story building sit rows of shoes removed by the exiles and their aides before entering the house. Calls from all over the world jam the telephones. The smells of Persian cooking emanate from the kitchen.

Massoud Rajavi does not give the impression of being someone who plans to stay a long time in Auvers. An energetic, charming and modest man in his early 30s, he is the son of a merchant family from Moshad in northeast Iran, a religious city that was the breeding ground of both opposition to the Shah and to the clerical dicta-

(*Continued on Page 274*)

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LETTERS.

EXXON BACKS WATT

Houston

Fred J. Cook's "Watt Releases the Sea" [*The Nation*, Aug. 8-15] said Exxon protested Secretary of the Interior James Watt's recently proposed offshore oil and gas leasing plan. The statement is blatantly wrong, as a simple study of our comments on the plan filed with the Department of the Interior would easily have shown.

Exxon fully supports the D.O.I.'s announced objective of developing an aggressive leasing program on promising outer continental shelf areas in order to encourage exploration and, ultimately, production. Exxon believes the vigorous, innovative program is a necessary step toward preparing our nation to better plan its energy future. The schedule represents a substantial challenge to industry in both timing and scope, but we feel sure industry is willing and able to respond.

This is exactly our position as provided to the D.O.I., and I am surprised that Cook's story indicates the opposite of what the public record shows our position to be. Cook also may be surprised to know that on July 28, Charles J. DiBona, president of the American Petroleum Institute, a well-known oil industry trade group, issued a statement which said in part: "I know of no company in the industry, large or small, which does not wholly support Secretary Watt's objectives of opening up more federal lands, onshore and off, for oil and gas leasing."

We hope this sets the record straight.

Leslie C. Rogers
Media Relations, Exxon

COOK REPLIES

Interlaken, N.J.

I have no doubt that Exxon and other major oil companies represented by the American Petroleum Institute would be delighted to have every available acre in existence thrown open to their explorations at their leisure. The problem arises with the practicality of Secretary Watt's grandiose billion-acre leasing scheme.

Even Exxon, after the May California offshore lease auction, complained that it lacked sufficient knowledge about the most valuable inshore tracts to be competitive in the bidding. It was just a small example of the problems posed by billion-acre leasing.

To get some perspective: as was made clear in a hearing in New York City in late July, only 40 million acres have been offered for bidding since the offshore drilling program was started; only 19 million acres have actually been leased, and only a small percentage of these have actually been drilled. Yet, even under such a more moderate schedule, Exxon found itself handicapped by lack of adequate geological knowledge in the California bidding. It is not hard to imagine the chaos that would result from a sudden billion-acre auction of the nation's resources.

A second obstacle on the practical side, as oil spokesmen admit, is that the entire industry was strained to its utmost in 1980, even under the slower leasing schedule. The industry simply ran out of drilling rigs and piping equipment. Some delays lasted for months. The industry's resources, as its spokesmen have acknowledged, simply could not handle an additional billion acres. It would be fine for Exxon and the other major companies if they could lease more tracts and salt them away to be developed at some future date, but the point is that Secretary Watt's program cannot possibly accomplish its ballyhooed objective of producing a sudden new spurt of petroleum and natural gas. And Exxon must know this. *Fred J. Cook*

CORRECTION

Stony Brook, N.Y.

We inadvertently failed to recheck a source on the lead sentence in our article, "What's Good for Chrysler is Bad for Us" [*The Nation*, Sept. 12], identifying Ralph Nader as having supported the Chrysler rescue. He did not. We regret this error and any embarrassment it may have caused Mr. Nader. *Michael Schwartz*
Glenn Yago

U.S. NOT NAÏVE IN LATIN AMERICA

Westport, Conn.

Penny Lernoux's superb dossier on the U.S.-abetted Latin American gulag ["Latin America: A Political Guide to Thirty-Three Nations," Aug. 22-29] is slightly marred by her contradictions with regard to the mainspring of our foreign policy. She states that the Reagan Administration's claims of ubiquitous Red infiltration and mischief in Latin America are "transparently hypocritical." But then she goes on to trace the root of our foreign policy bankruptcy to nothing more serious or inherently immoral than the ignorance and lack of understanding traditionally displayed by our leaders in the handling of lesser nations. If only this were so! If the horrendous crimes and callous policies that have characterized our foreign intromissions since we became a great power were only the product of nothing more sinister than political naïveté and misunderstanding!

Inequality and economic unfairness are sine qua non components of a prosperous global capitalist system, applying with equanimity to both relations between classes within a country and the family of nations. Furthermore, any genuine political-economic independence of the Third World, as well as any movement in those countries toward a more democratic and egalitarian distribution of power, is bound to prove highly inimical to the well-being of the megacorporate network. Thus, while various circumstances may force corporate planners to adopt, *temporarily*, a saner, more decent and less interventionist foreign posture, the actual nature and objectives of the system's foreign policy cannot seriously countenance substantial changes. In that sense, then, our foreign policy formulators have their hands tied: under the current rules of the game they can't serve the goals of the corporate system while also "understanding" the just claims emanating from the satellite nations.

The bottom line is clear. Our foreign policy, leaving all self-serving and mystifying verbiage aside, *corresponds admirably to the functional necessities* of the system as it is now constituted. A substantially different policy, one that would spell the system's demise and contravene its innermost logic, is simply a non-negotiable demand.

David Greanville
Editor, Cyrano's Journal

TOO PRO-ISRAEL

Knoxville, Tenn.

As I read *The Nation*, I am impressed by your courageous stands for the rights of people everywhere, for freedom of speech and the press—and against censorship.

Hence I am appalled by the self-censorship you continually show vis-à-vis Israel, a nation whose elected governments since 1967 have turned a democracy into a bloody imperialistic theocracy, and whose policies in the territories it has conquered are exactly those you deplore everywhere else.

William Verplanck

YOU'RE WELCOME

Madison, N.J.

As admiring readers both of *The Nation* and of *In These Times*, we want to thank you for the front-page editorial promoting *In These Times* ["Seize the Day," *The Nation*, Aug. 8-15]. That is quite generous and thoughtful.

Elizabeth Briant Lee
Alfred McClung Lee

NEXT WEEK
A Special Issue on
The Writer's State, by:

Barbara Grizzuti Harrison
Ralph Lee Smith
Joel Gora
Ronald Sukenick
William McPherson
Allen Ginsberg
Thomas Ferguson
Joel Rogers
and others

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EDITORIALS.

Leave It to Junior

A White House Sitcom

SCENE: The White House kitchen. RON, *dressed in his bathrobe and jodhpurs, is hunched over the kitchen table, which is strewn with papers. He has a pocket calculator in his hand and is staring at it blearily. Enter* NANCY, *in a peau de soie negligee.*

NANCY: Ron, hon, are you still up? It's nearly 11 o'clock. You should have been in bed four hours ago. (*Canned laughter*)

RON: In a little while, Nancy. I'm trying to figure the budget.

NANCY: (*Frowns*) Well, I'm *still* going to need that new dress.

RON: Not *our* budget, hon, the national budget. (*Laughter*)

NANCY: But Ron, I thought you balanced it last July. Well, not balanced it—that's not till 1984. I mean, you got your economic program and tax cut passed and all.

RON: Darn it, honey, the stock market's acting up.

NANCY: (*Pats him on the shoulder*) Don't worry, hon, I told Don Regan to sell our A.T.&T. like you said.

RON: (*Rubs his eyes wearily*) No, it's not that. You see Wall Street doesn't like my economic program, so the market's falling.

Enter RON JR.

RON JR.: Hi, Mom. Hi, Dad. (*Performs an entrechat*)

RON: Hello, son. Ballet practice lasted pretty late tonight.

RON JR.: Yeah, they made us do *Swan Lake* uncut. (*Pours himself a glass of milk*) Whatcha doing, Dad?

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NANCY: Don't bother your father, dear. He's fixing the budget.

RON JR.: A little homework, eh Dad? Maybe I can help you, just like you used to help me. (*Laughter*)

RON: Gosh, I don't know. I just can't figure out what's wrong with it. I mean, Jack Kemp showed me how it would all work out O.K., but now I forget what he said.

RON JR.: Lemme look at it. (*Begins leafing through a thick book*, en point) Wait a minute. I think I see why you didn't get the right answer, Dad. You see, you've taken out too much for taxes and put in too much for defense spending. That's what's causing your inflation. Then you've got the Federal Reserve keeping interest rates high, which has made the original deficit you projected grow even more. Way I see it, Dad, you're looking at a deficit of $50 billion or more for fiscal 1982.

NANCY: (*Proudly*) Where do you get your brains? Neither your father nor I was ever good at math.

RON: (*Explodes*) Ron Jr., go right to bed!

RON JR.: But Dad . . .

RON: A ballet dancer for a son was bad enough. Now he's a *Keynesian*!

NANCY: But Ron—he *likes* girls. (*Laughter. Applause. Fade out.*)

Nibble Nibble

The Department of Energy authorization bill, recently reported out of the Senate Armed Services Committee, was ignored by civil libertarians until it was discovered that a rider to the bill grants the D.O.E. "the authority with respect to atomic energy defense programs to prohibit the dissemination of unclassified information." The rider, known as Section 148, makes unclassified information pertaining to the "safeguarding of nuclear material, equipment, and facilities, the production of special nuclear materials, and design, manufacture, or utilization of nuclear weapons or components" immune to public scrutiny under the Freedom of Information Act if the government decides that its disclosure would be detrimental to the "health and safety of the public or the common defense." Much information on the D.O.E.'s nuclear weapons and power programs is already classified under the Atomic Energy Act of 1954 and thus exempt from the F.O.I.A. Section 148 would cover material the D.O.E. is unable to classify, thereby creating an information blackout in the incestuously linked areas of nuclear weapons and nuclear power.

The anti-F.O.I.A. rider tactic is one more in a series of "backdoor amendments" designed to chip away at the act. Buried in this year's mammoth tax bill was a provision classifying material pertaining to the Internal Revenue Service's auditing policy. In addition, Senator Robert Dole, Republican of Kansas, has proposed an amendment to the Department of Justice's authorization bill that would close files for ten years after the completion of an investigation. These moves would expand already existing exemptions, weakening the F.O.I.A. indirectly, but severely.

For the moment, the D.O.E. authorization bill is becalmed. After it was reported out of committee, Senator Robert Stafford, Republican of Vermont, chairman of the Environment and Public Works Committee, put a hold on the bill—not because of Section 148 but because of a jurisdictional dispute. But if it is passed by the Senate, the bill will go to conference to resolve differences with the House version, which does not contain the prohibitive language of Section 148. Judging from the list of potential conferees, none of whom are known for their support of the F.O.I.A., there will be little sympathy for eliminating the Senate rider. Yet if Section 148 remains, public scrutiny of U.S. nuclear weapons and nuclear power programs will be severely curtailed.

There are Congressional mice busy nibbling away at the F.O.I.A., in darkened legislative back rooms. Notice is hereby served: the lights are on and the cat's no longer away. And, come to think of it, throwing more light on government is what the F.O.I.A. is all about.

Speer's Guilt

Albert Speer died in London on September 1, forty-two years, to the day, after the Nazis launched the war he helped plan. As the only sane survivor of the Nazi leadership (Rudolf Hess was probably clinically mad even before 1939), he had enjoyed a considerable vogue since being released from Spandau prison in 1966. His urbanity of manner, his ostentatious penitence and his ability to command large publisher's advances had made him almost a respected figure by the end. This peculiar status was reflected in the majority of his obituaries, which stressed the good impression he had made at the Nuremberg trial, the exemplary way in which he had served his twenty-year prison sentence and the solid evidence he had provided about the Third Reich in his best-selling memoirs.

The obituary put out by *The New York Times* news service was typical. It said, leniently:

> Mr. Speer also dealt with the excuse that he knew little or nothing about the death camps.
>
> "Whether I knew or did not know, or how much or how little I knew, is totally unimportant when I consider what horrors I ought to have known about and what conclusions would have been the natural ones to draw from the little I did know. No apologies are possible."

In fact, the statement seems to contain an apology. This is especially odd when one reflects on how close Speer was to Adolf Hitler's throne. It becomes odder when one reflects on the dismal level of education about the Holocaust in West Germany, and the huge difference that Speer could have made by admitting not that he knew *afterward* but that he knew *at the time*. He could also, thereby, have dealt an irreparable blow to the school of "revisionist" historians

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who still represent the Final Solution as a figment of Allied propaganda.

It so happens that Speer *did*, once, go this far. In 1978, the writer Gitta Sereny visited him in Heidelberg. She stayed with him for nine days, taking copious notes, all of which he reviewed for accuracy. Only on the ninth day did they get to the Holocaust. At first Speer persisted in his traditional manner, accepting collective guilt but denying specific knowledge. Sereny pressed him—he had been Minister for Armaments, holding the power of life and death over vast tracts of occupied Europe. He was credited by Allied intelligence with prolonging the war for two years. *Surely* he must have known.

Gradually he gave ground. Then, finally, he confessed that he had had "a suspicion that dreadful things were happening with the Jews." Sereny pushed harder still. "You cannot 'suspect' into a void," she said. "You knew." After a silence, Speer went down to his study and came back with a sheet of paper. He told her to read it, and to agree to drop the questioning thereafter. On the paper was written:

> I still recognize today that the grounds upon which I was convicted by the International Military Tribunal were correct. More than this: I still consider it today essential to take upon myself the responsibility, and thus the blame in general, for all crimes which were committed after I became part of the Hitler government on 7 February 1942. . . . My main guilt, however, I still see today in my tacit acceptance [*Billigung*] of the persecution and the murder of millions of Jews.

Astounded, Sereny asked him why he had decided, so late, to admit all. Speer showed her a letter he had received from the leaders of the Jewish community in South Africa. They wanted his help in prosecuting the poisonous neo-Nazi pamphlet *Did Six Million Really Die?* "For this purpose, with these people, I wouldn't . . . I couldn't . . . hedge [*handeln*]."

So, not long before the end, Speer came clean. If he had admitted as much at Nuremberg, he would have been hanged. So there is no need to be sentimental about his last confession. But it's a pity that Gitta Sereny's story only once saw the light of day, and that the public record still gives the impression that Speer was the gentleman of the Nazi party, the one who was sinned against as well as sinning.

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

Christopher Hitchens is the foreign editor of the New Statesman *and a frequent contributor to* The Nation.

Big Oil's Labor

One of the least obvious but most telling signs of American labor's decline is the rarity of spirited, issue-oriented battles for high union office. An exception to this general lassitude was the hard-fought contest last month in which delegates of the Oil, Chemical and Atomic Workers International Union re-elected Robert Goss as their president. Goss defeated the union's health and safety director, Anthony Mazzocchi, by less than 2 percent of the 142,000 votes cast—the same margin by which Mazzocchi lost two years ago.

Throughout his career, Mazzocchi has raised issues that go far beyond traditional trade-union concerns. He has consistently promoted the establishment of a national labor party controlled by working people. He believes that the only way for labor to extricate itself from its current morass is to establish anticorporate coalitions with environmental and citizens groups. He also advocates joint actions with European unions against multinationals that employ their members in common.

But the majority of O.C.A.W. delegates stood firm with the incumbent. Goss represents a "business unionism" (concentrating on wages and benefits) that has, in the past, worked fairly well for the members, who enjoy some of labor's highest wages and most extensive benefits. He relies on the tried-and-true methods of organizing and bargaining that were effective in the 1950s and 1960s. But real wages in the oil workers' sector, consistently the highest in the union, have not increased in fifteen years.

During the campaign, Mazzocchi's supporters pointed to the failure of last year's strike, the longest in the union's history, as an example of why Goss's traditional approach won't work in the 1980s. While 50,000 union members were out for more than four months, near-normal production was maintained by supervisory personnel in the highly automated refineries.

The Oil, Chemical and Atomic Workers Union has not been immune to the plant closures and capital flight that have shrunk most major industrial unions in recent years. During Goss's two-year term, the union added 2,100 new workers to its ranks but lost 9,000 others; decertifications alone claimed 2,600.

Under more benign social and economic conditions, the O.C.A.W. election might have been a strictly local affair. Not now. In this critical period for the U.S. economy and the labor movement, labor can no longer go it alone. Mazzocchi, now an international representative of the union, is one of the few labor leaders to have recognized that diverse constituencies with similar goals should unite. Oil workers in particular have a potential for gaining the support of consumer groups, which already have an intense distrust of the energy industry. Similarly, a multinational approach is feasible and necessary because the interests of both the union and consumers involve U.S. companies that earn most of their profits abroad.

Mazzocchi is not the only labor leader to call for the formation of a labor party. But he is the only leader who has made this an integral part of his platform for election—gaining the attention of labor and industry alike.

By losing, Mazzocchi has perhaps shown again the peril of being a step ahead of your followers. But the narrowness of his defeat suggests that a growing number of workers are catching up—and catching on.

CHARLES PILLER

Charles Piller lives in San Francisco and writes frequently on labor and health issues.

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DISPATCHES.

■ THE PHILIPPINES: Shift to the Left

Leaders of the Philippines' legal opposition parties are still reeling from Vice President George Bush's effusive praise for President Ferdinand Marcos at his June 30 inauguration. "We love your adherence to democratic principle—and to the democratic processes," Bush gushed. "We will not leave you in isolation."

"These remarks have left us tongue-tied," former Senator Benigno Aquino, now exiled in Boston, told Dispatches. "We in the moderate opposition always argued that the United States didn't really endorse Marcos but was forced to deal with him to protect its interests in the region. Bush's remarks ended that charade. Now the basic difference between the left and the legal opposition is gone. We have lost our voice, and the radical left is saying, 'We told you so.' "

The "left" here refers to the Communist Party of the Philippines and its two associated organizations: the New People's Army and the National Democratic Front (N.D.F.), which includes such underground groups as the Revolutionary Peasant Association and Christians for National Liberation. According to Aquino and other observers, the N.D.F.'s power has grown as the legal opposition's prospects dim. "I know of many leaders who were still in the legal opposition until this year, who have now told me that they are going to lend their support to the N.D.F.," Aquino told the *Far Eastern Economic Review* last month. "The moderates and the radicals are moving closer together. After the Bush statement, there has been a shift."

The N.D.F. and exiled leaders like Aquino agree that they must form a united front to fight Marcos. Moslem groups have already formed the Moro National Liberation Front (M.N.L.F.), and there is some evidence that they are cooperating with the small middle-class guerrilla groups that look to Aquino for leadership [see Dispatches, *The Nation*, March 7]. The next step would be to draw the M.N.L.F., the urban guerrillas, the legal opposition parties and the N.D.F. into a coalition. Some of the groundwork for this was laid last spring when the legal opposition parties joined the N.D.F. in boycotting the presidential elections. "You'll see more cooperation along that line in the future," Aquino told us. "On a scale of one to ten, we're almost at nine in getting everyone together."

It is difficult to verify Aquino's optimistic claim that unity is just around the corner, but if he is right, the Filipino united front will owe something to George Bush.

■ BRITAIN: "Broken Arrow"

As if the burgeoning British disarmament movement required further evidence of the hazards of nuclear weaponry, it was revealed last month that the July 27, 1956, crash of a U.S. plane at Lakenheath Royal Air Force Station, a British base for storing nuclear bombs, could have devastated much of England.

The details of the "broken arrow"—military code for an accident involving nuclear weapons—were given in a front-page article in *The Observer* on August 9. The Pentagon has acknowledged only that a U.S. B-47 was involved in an accident at an "overseas base" in 1956, "crashing into a storage igloo containing several nuclear weapons" [see Talbot, "The H-Bombs Next Door," *The Nation*, February 7]. *The Observer* identified the site as the Lakenheath base, twenty miles northeast of Cambridge, and provided a fuller—and harrowing—account of the accident.

Drawing on an investigative report prepared by the Washington-based Center for Defense Information, *The Observer* said that a B-47 on an unarmed training mission skidded on the runway when it touched down at the R.A.F. base and burst into flames. The fire engulfed a nearby bunker containing three U.S. Mark 6 nuclear bombs, each twelve feet long and six feet in diameter. A former Air Force officer who was on the scene said a catastrophe was prevented only by "a combination of tremendous heroism, good fortune and the will of God."

The Pentagon claims that there was relatively little danger to British citizens in the area because the bombs "were in storage configuration" and "no capsules of nuclear material were in the weapons or present in the building." But a retired U.S. Air Force general—who was a B-47 pilot based at Lakenheath at the time of the accident—told Howard Silber, a reporter for *The Omaha World Herald*, that enriched uranium *was* kept in the storage igloo. Furthermore, the bombs contained some "natural uranium 235," according to *The Observer*. If the blazing jet fuel had ignited the 8,000 pounds of TNT—the triggering mechanism—in any of the bombs, deadly radioactive material would have been dispersed over a wide area. "It is possible that a part of eastern England would have become a desert," the Air Force general concluded.

The British Ministry of Defense will not comment on the Lakenheath "broken arrow" except to repeat the Pentagon's hollow reassurances. Best not to alarm the public about the dangers of stockpiling U.S. nuclear arms in Britain when Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher has agreed to accept the new U.S. cruise missiles.

■ BRAZIL: A Different Course

Brazil's rulers, impeccably anti-Communist at home, do not believe in mixing ideology and diplomacy; as a result, the Reagan Administration collides with a brick wall whenever it seeks Brazilian cooperation on foreign policy issues considered vital to the Oval Office.

It was supposed to be otherwise. President Reagan's planners thought they could entice Brazil back into the U.S. fold by dropping all talk of human rights. But, in fact, Brasília has for some time been on a course in the Third World directly opposed to Washington's.

Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs Thomas Enders traveled to Brasília last month to see just how bad things were. He raised the issue of Angola, where Brazil has increasing economic clout, and was told the

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ELIZABETH FARNSWORTH AND STEPHEN TALBOT

Brazilians see no threat in the Cuban presence there. One of the first countries to recognize the new government in Luanda in 1975 [see Farnsworth and Nancy Stein, "Brazil Leaves our Orbit," *The Nation*, March 13, 1976], Brazil has been handsomely rewarded. Exports from Brazil to Angola have risen from $6 million in 1975 to $120 million in 1980, and this year's total will be even higher. Brazilians run a chain of supermarkets in Luanda, and they are looking for oil in northern Angola. In the planning stages is a Brazilian-Soviet construction consortium that would build dams and roads in both Angola and Mozambique. And Brazil will soon import as much oil from Angola as it does from Nigeria, currently its largest supplier.

Enders also got the cold shoulder when he brought up El Salvador. Brazil has pursued a remarkably independent course on Central America in recent years; it has aided the Sandinist government in Managua and opposed U.S. interference in El Salvador. In 1965, Brazil was one of a handful of Latin American countries to send troops to fight alongside U.S. Marines in the Dominican Republic. No more. Last spring, President João Figueiredo told reporters, "I want to make it clear that, with or without Soviet interference, we don't agree with military intervention in El Salvador."

Washington and Brasília also differ on Middle East policy (Brazil votes with Arab governments in the United Nations on most issues involving Israel), on trade with the Soviet Union (Brazil did not honor the grain embargo and has just signed a $6 billion, five-year trade agreement with Moscow) and on trade with Cuba, which recently sent an official trade mission to Brazil, the first in seventeen years.

Brazil has its own reasons for all this, of course, and the major one can be summed up in one word: oil. Brazil needs lots of it, and black African and Arab countries have it. Still, there are lessons here for Washington. Capitalist Brazil is convinced it can coexist and prosper by trading with a socialist Third World. This perception could use some study in Washington.

■ UPDATE: China and Indochina

China was the invisible presence behind the September 4 meeting in Singapore between Prime Minister Khieu Samphan of the Khmer Rouge, Prince Norodom Sihanouk and former Prime Minister Son Sann, a conservative. The three Cambodian leaders signed a vague statement pledging to form a coalition government to lead the fight against the Vietnamese. As we reported earlier [see Dispatches, *The Nation*, July 25-August 1], China, which aids both the Khmer Rouge and Son Sann's smaller forces, has pressed unity on the Cambodians partly to clean up the Khmer Rouge's image so that it can attract international aid for its fight against the Vietnamese. China's overriding goal continues to be to harass the Vietnamese.

Now there is evidence that China is aiding anti-Vietnamese guerrillas inside Laos as well as mountain tribal groups in Vietnam. China's determination to make trouble for Vietnam has placed it in some unusual company. The *Far Eastern Economic Review* reported recently that right-wing activists from Thailand are training 2,000 to 3,000 anti-Communist Laotian guerrillas at a camp in China eighty-five miles north of the Laotian border. The Thai were apparently chosen as instructors because they speak Lao, which is also spoken in northern Thailand. Sources cited in the *Review* article by reporter John McBeth say that China is also funneling arms and ammunition through the Khmer Rouge to rebel groups in Laos, which are led by, among others, Phoumi Nosovan, a former general in the Royal Lao Army. The Laotians apparently hope eventually to unite with the Khmer Rouge and dissident groups in Vietnam in a pan-Indochina resistance movement.

■ SWITZERLAND: Nestlé's Crunch

The Nestlé corporation has come up with a cure for those post-nuclear-attack hunger pangs. After fifteen years of research, the Swiss multinational has developed "the world's first survival food" for bomb shelter snacking. The initial batch of the "survival food" will emerge from the Nestlé kitchens in early September. The food will have a shelter-shelf life of ten years and cost the Swiss government about $20 million, according to a recent article in the British *Guardian*.

While huddled in a cramped shelter (2.5 cubic meters per person under current Swiss guidelines), a Swiss survivor will have a choice of two Nestlé food products. For breakfast, the company offers an instant mix of sugar, cocoa, cinnamon and vanilla—just add water. Later in the day, unless radiation sickness has dulled their appetites, bomb shelter inhabitants can look forward to a kind of porridge made of soya, yeast, starch and vegetable fat. Although Nestlé insists the survival food is nutritious, it reportedly tastes vile and only provides 1,600 calories a day, which, the *Guardian* notes, "is less than the daily consumption of a peasant in Bangladesh."

Human guinea pigs have already tested Nestlé's survivor rations. A group of students at Berne University Hospital ate nothing else for two weeks, and a group of men, women and children subsisted on the stuff for three days while confined in actual Swiss bomb shelters. Both groups survived.

The ever-prudent Swiss government has financed one of the most elaborate nuclear civil defense programs in the world. By law, all new buildings in Switzerland must have bomb shelters. One shelter in Zurich under a parking garage comes complete with a morgue and a prison cell for the unruly.

The Swiss Association of Peace Groups has denounced Nestlé's new survival food as "a huge hoax" and a disguised multimillion-dollar government subsidy to the multinational corporation. The peace coalition ridiculed the idea as an attempt to convince the public that they will be able to survive a nuclear holocaust—nourished by Nestlé products in an underground vault.

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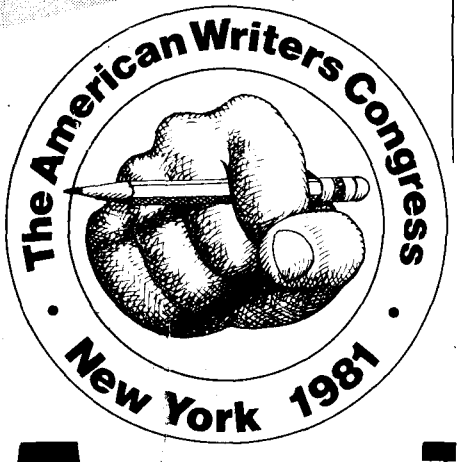

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CENTRAL AMERICA WATCH.

The Reagan Administration's determination to "draw the line" in El Salvador against Communist-supported subversion appears to be encountering difficulties, following a new offensive by opposition guerrillas launched in mid-July. Despite the emergency delivery of four new helicopters, the Salvadoran armed forces are hurting. They have suffered 1,300 casualties—including 350 deaths—in recent months, an attrition rate of 12 percent for the poorly trained and, until recently, poorly equipped military establishment.

Guerrillas of the Frente Farabondo Marti de Liberación Nacional (F.M.L.N.) have launched several successful operations as part of the latest drive, demonstrating greater coordination and sophistication than in last January's "general offensive." In mid-August, guerrillas held the town of Perquín for ten days.

A mid-July campaign of sabotage against El Salvador's electric system plunged the eastern third of the country into darkness for weeks, and the guerrillas claim they have blown up more than fifty electric towers and pylons throughout the country. Because of guerrilla sabotage of generators, San Salvador was without lights for three days in August. In early September, after at least four other bombs had caused temporary outages, the United States delivered the first of thirty electric generators to help maintain emergency power. Newspapers in the capital estimate that the blackouts have caused losses totaling millions of dollars.

While the Fuerzas Populares de Liberación (F.P.L.), El Salvador's largest guerrilla group, adheres to a line of "prolonged popular war" and has largely held back from the current fighting, four other groups in the F.M.L.N. have stressed the need for a strong military showing to maintain popular backing.

But as the war intensifies, the campaign of terror against civilians also accelerates. Death squads circulate after dark in vehicles with loudspeakers blaring funeral music; the bodies of their victims are found on the streets the next morning. Over a single weekend in late August, 100 decapitated bodies appeared in the western part of the country. Witnesses near the city of Santa Ana said that the beheadings were more cleanly done than usual, and guerrilla spokesmen on the F.M.L.N.'s Radio Venceremos have charged that the death squads are using a guillotine, rather than the usual machetes. Defense Minister José Guillermo Garcia publicly condemned the "savage" killings, but few believe his promise of an "exhaustive investigation."

ARTICLES.

CUBAN GUERRILLAS IN FLORIDA

Training for the Counterrevolution

RONNIE LOVLER

Miami

It only takes a phone call to get an invitation to visit Campamento Libertad, one of the paramilitary training camps just outside the city where Cuban and Nicaraguan exiles prepare for attacks on their homelands.

Jorge Gonzalez, the camp's *comandante*, interrupted a strategy meeting with his inner circle of advisers when he was told I wanted to talk with him about touring the camp. "We're having a meeting now because they want to assassinate me," Gonzalez explained. By "they" he meant the Cuban government. Apparently more media conscious than security conscious, he went on in the next breath to extend an invitation: "Come on out tomorrow. We'll meet you at the gate."

The casualness of Gonzalez's hospitality shows that Cuban exiles no longer believe they have to be secretive about their operations. Thus, on August 19, Wilfredo Navarro of Cubanos Unidos, a Miami-based exile group, called a news conference at the National Press Building in Washington, D.C., to unveil his plans for counterrevolution. Navarro's scheme involved sending a fleet of boats to the U.S. naval base on Guantánamo Bay, and setting up a government in exile in the no-man's-land adjacent to the facility. When last heard from, Cubanos Unidos' flotilla had been detained by foul weather.

Gonzalez, Navarro and their cohorts attribute their openness to the Reagan Administration's tough line against socialist governments in general and Cuba's and Nicaragua's in particular. The Administration's rhetoric has infused the Cuban exiles with a new boldness. No longer content with merely toppling Castro, they plan to rid Latin America of all leftist contamination.

Thus, a group of Cuban exiles representing an organization called the Worldwide Committee to Save Democracy in El Salvador recently visited San Salvador. At a press conference, a member of the delegation proclaimed the willingness of Cuban exiles living in Miami to "take up arms" against the guerrillas fighting the ruling junta.

The Miami training camps are the most concrete expression of this grandiose dream. Libertad is just a thirty-minute drive from downtown Miami's "Little Havana," the social and economic hub of the Cuban exile community. And it is less than a mile from a middle-class residential development.

At the entrance to the camp there is a cardboard sign lettered in black Magic Marker and adorned with drawings of

Ronnie Lovler is a Washington, D.C., writer who specializes in Latin American affairs.

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the Cuban and Nicaraguan flags. An armed guard, carrying a semiautomatic rifle, checks all visitors and keeps an eye on the small wooden box by the gate where donations to the cause can be left.

Hector Fabian, like Gonzalez a Bay of Pigs veteran, is the camp's public information officer and acts as a tour guide for visiting journalists. In all, I saw about 300 men, dressed in U.S. Army fatigues, going through training exercises during my recent Sunday visit. The majority of them are weekend soldiers who hold down Monday-to-Friday jobs. During my visit, Cubans were most in evidence, but Fabian acknowledged the presence of a contingent of Nicaraguans. More than 100 of them have been trained at the camp, he said, and have already moved on to clandestine bases in Nicaragua and its neighbor Honduras. A few Americans, whom Fabian later identified as former Green Berets, were assisting in the training. That the Americans did not want their presence known was obvious from their shouted protests to a photographer taking pictures 200 yards away.

The trainees are instructed in conventional and nonconventional warfare, Fabian said. "We do everything," he boasted. "Infantry, guerrilla training, sabotage, physical training and ideological preparation." The indoctrination takes place in what he described as "a little school," a small clearing in a wooded section of the camp where a few blackboards and wooden benches have been set up. The men train with handguns and semiautomatic rifles. No automatic or unregistered weapons are allowed, he said, because of Federal firearm laws. The camp itself is located on a 600-acre plot, some of it swamp, owned by three Cuban exile businessmen. The businessmen, whose names Fabian refused to disclose, have donated their land to the cause of anti-Communism.

Although small unorganized groups of Cuban exiles have been training in the Florida Everglades for years, it was only last summer that the exiles decided to establish formal camps. This was during the Presidential campaign, when they accurately detected a rightward shift in the political mood of the United States that was propitious to their cause. But the decision was also fueled by the arrival of thousands of anti-Sandinist Nicaraguan exiles in Miami.

Many Cubans view the Nicaraguans as "brothers in the fight against Communism," and have lavished support on those who have fled to Miami. Food, clothing and money for the exiles were solicited in appeals sponsored by two Cuban-owned Spanish-language radio stations, WRHC and WOCN (Ocean Radio). Brigada 2506, an organization of Bay of Pigs veterans, was behind the drive. According to Juan Clark, a sociology professor at Miami Dade Community College and an expert on the Cuban exile community, their similar experiences with revolution have drawn the Nicaraguans and the Cubans together. "Obviously there is a certain common denominator," he said. "I don't mean there's any alliance, but there is a certain affinity." He does not, however, find the existence of the camps a threat to either Fidel Castro or the Sandinists: "I don't think there will be any more Bay of Pigs invasions or anything similar to that. In a sense, many feel these training camps are . . . a romantic thing, a symbol of resistance."

Those at the camps, however, do not regard themselves as romantics. According to Fabian, the Cubans consider the camps a "major vehicle" of aid to the anti-Sandinist Nicaraguans. "You could say these camps have been one of the biggest helps given the Nicaraguans now fighting for their country," he said. "They've prepared here, they've trained here and now they've gone on to fight from third countries and also from Nicaragua."

But more than abstract solidarity with the cause of the anti-Sandinist Nicaraguans animates the Cubans at Libertad. There is also an element of quid pro quo. The Cubans believe that the Sandinist government will fall before that of Castro for two reasons. The first is the relative ease with which counterrevolutionaries can slip into Nicaragua through the hard-to-patrol jungles and mountains along the country's borders. Also, Fabian told me, neighboring Honduras, El Salvador and Guatemala are hostile toward Nicaragua and inclined to support a counterrevolutionary movement. And so, by helping the Nicaraguans now, he said, the Cubans will be able to collect their debt after the Sandinists fall. "We have a firm promise from [the Nicaraguan exiles] that they will do for us what we have done for them."

Fabian's statement was confirmed by the leader of the Nicaraguan contingent at Libertad, a ten-year veteran of Gen. Anastasio Somoza's National Guard. The *comandante* said that he and the other Nicaraguans at the camp were grateful to the Cubans for their help, adding that if they succeed in toppling the Sandinist government, they would return the favor. "We'll keep supporting the Cubans and fight to overthrow Castro," he said. "We won't limit ourselves just to thinking [that] if we win in Nicaragua, the problem is over. We're friends of the Cubans and we're in this together."

Many of the Nicaraguan trainees, he said, are former members of the National Guard: "We have experience and I think we can take advantage of this experience. We train

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here and then we decide where it is best to go to wage the fight to free our country."

The training camps are an open secret in Miami's sympathetic Latin community, and Fabian says he even hosts a weekly program on Ocean Radio during which he urges exiles "to join the struggle against Communism." More than 700,000 Cubans have settled in the Miami area since the revolution in their country twenty-two years ago, and their presence has made Miami a center of conservative Latin American political thought and action. The sons of four former Latin American dictators call Miami home. Wealthy Salvadorans, fleeing the civil war in their country, have taken up residence here, as have upper-class Guatemalans and Hondurans. Former U.S. Ambassador to El Salvador Robert White has accused the Salvadorans of financing the right-wing death squads operating in their country, a charge the Salvadorans have denied. The political climate of Miami draws itinerant counterrevolutionaries in search of volunteers and money—like Pedro Ortega, the self-described leader of a guerrilla army operating inside Nicaragua and along the Honduran border.

The heart of Nicaraguan exile life in Miami is the Humanitarian Committee for Nicaraguan Refugees, headed by Rene Quiñones, a one-time public relations official with the Somoza government and one of Somoza's private attorneys. Quiñones doesn't like to talk about the camps because he is trying to convince the U.S. government to recognize the Nicaraguan exiles as political refugees. Yet he has no qualms about overthrowing the Sandinist government by violence. "That's part of our history," he said. "There has never been a democratic change of government. It's always been through violence; this is in the blood of the Nicaraguan people."

Quiñones downplays the importance of the camps because he fears that negative publicity about their real purpose might impede his efforts to win political asylum for the Nicaraguan exiles. "These camps are more of a sports activity," he said. "There's no sophisticated arms. It's like a shooting gallery. The men who go there do so only to keep physically fit. The Nicaraguan government is trying to make an issue of this."

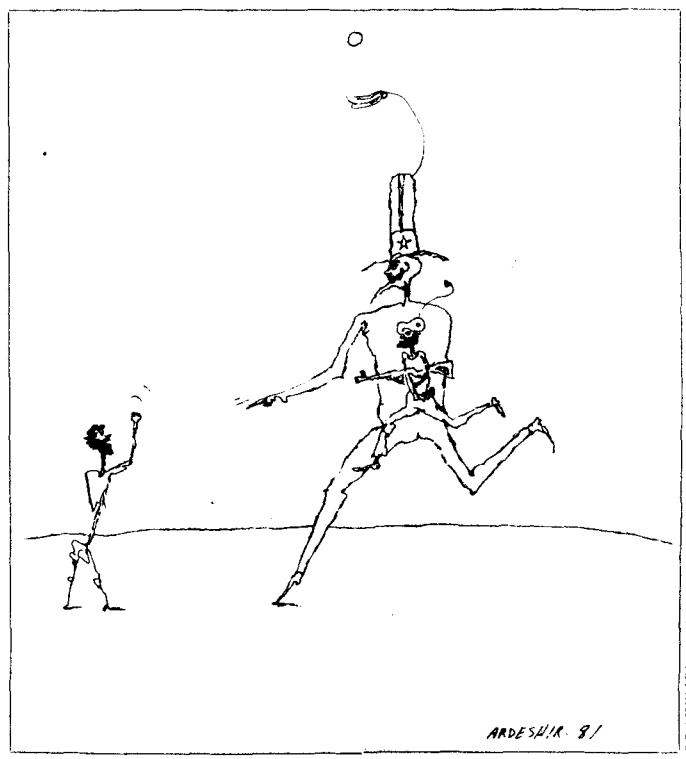
Yet the hundreds of men training at the camps appeared to regard their exercises as more than a game. And the Nicaraguan government is taking their existence very seriously indeed. The real possibility of an invasion has led the Sandinists to organize people's militias. They have also registered their concern through diplomatic channels. But the Administration has dismissed these protestations, according to Carlos Chamorro, the second-ranking diplomat at the Nicaraguan Embassy in Washington. "We have presented our case with all the evidence we have," Chamorro said. "Their answer has been that they can do nothing because it is not illegal to have those camps there [and] because they cannot prove they are against our country."

The fact that the training activities are being conducted on private property with registered weapons gives the exiles an apparent legal immunity. As Representative Michael Barnes, Democrat of Maryland, chairman of the House Subcommittee on Inter-American Affairs, put it: "It is perfectly legal for you and a bunch of your friends to go out this weekend and run around in the woods on a farm that you own or that someone owns and shoot at trees and practice warlike manuevers. There's nothing illegal in that."

Nonetheless, Barnes has asked Attorney General William French Smith to determine if U.S. neutrality laws are being broken. These laws prohibit planning, funding or preparing for excursions against a government with which the United States has diplomatic relations, and the United States still maintains formal ties with Nicaragua despite recent decisions to reduce aid. Barnes also asked the Justice Department to look into possible violations of Federal conspiracy and firearm laws.

French referred the matter to D. Lowell Jensen, assistant attorney general. In a letter to Barnes that totally evaded the Congressman's questions, Jensen said the Federal Bureau of Investigation "[has] disclosed no evidence that the listed statutes or any Federal criminal laws are being violated by the persons engaged in the training activities." He said that with one exception—the January arrest of seven Cubans who were attempting to launch an expedition against Cuba from Marathon, Florida—"all recent reports of planned military expeditions against Cuba or Nicaragua have proved to be without substance." Jensen also detailed the arrests of ten people in New Orleans for trying to launch an expedition against Dominica and the arrest of two Nicaraguan Air Force officers as they attempted to fly two military-type helicopters from Nicaragua to the United States.

Jensen's letter failed to alleviate Barnes's concerns, and he intends to "press the issue. They [the training camps] obviously challenge our legal process in the United States. I think there is more we can be doing to enforce laws with respect to conspiracy and weapons violations."



DRAWINGS BY ARDESHIR MOHASSESS

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Ironically, the neutrality laws at issue here were passed in response to U.S. interference in Nicaragua during the nineteenth century. According to Representative David Bonior, Democrat of Michigan, a longtime student of Latin American affairs, the laws were enacted after the invasion of Nicaragua in 1856 by William Walker, a wealthy American who hoped to establish a base for slave trade there. Bonior believes the training camps unquestionably violate U.S. law. "There are transportation laws, firearm laws, attacks on foreign country laws, which I believe have not been upheld by the U.S. authorities," he says. Bonior also charges the Administration with inconsistency in its statements opposing international terrorism: "While deploring it across the world, we are turning our backs to it here." And he discerns a whiff of hypocrisy in this policy: "If the Chileans or Argentines [in exile in the United States] were doing that type of activity, I think the outlook would be different because the Administration agrees with the present authoritarian regimes in Argentina and Chile. Basically it comes down to the political makeup of the countries involved and their leanings. It's obvious that the leanings of the Sandinists are not in keeping with what the Reagan Administration would like to see in Central America and the Caribbean. They're considered a threat." Washington, D.C., attorney Paul Reichler, who represents the Nicaraguan government, adds, "It undercuts the credibility of [the U.S.] government when we permit international terrorists to train within our borders for operations in violation of our own laws against a government with which the United States is at peace and has full diplomatic relations."

Both Barnes and Bonior predict that if the Administration continues to tolerate the training camps, U.S. foreign policy in Latin America will be compromised. Barnes suggests that "in the interests of stability in the region," the Administration re-examine the tacit approval it has given the exiles to operate the camps. And Bonior holds that allowing groups to plan on American soil the overthrow of existing governments in the Hemisphere "is a poor way to go about dealing with neighbors in the Caribbean."

In other words, it is downright unneighborly. □

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CHICANO VOTES DON'T COUNT

Patrón Politics In McAllen, Texas

DAVID C. KIBBE AND KENNETH BAIN

Last spring, when Henry Cisneros surprised Texas and the nation by easily and peacefully winning the mayoral election in San Antonio, thus becoming the only Mexican-American leader of a major U.S. city, things were quite different 250 miles to the south in the city of McAllen. There, the victor in the race for mayor was a representative of the Anglo establishment, incumbent Othal Brand. The election was marked by charges of racism, police brutality and labor-baiting, and by allegations that "outside influences" were trying to take over the government, and it left deep scars in the body politic of this normally tranquil border community of 65,000 inhabitants. The election may have set the tone for future area clashes between Anglo and Mexican-American voters, and the tactics employed by the winner underscore the need for the renewal of the Voting Rights Act of 1965.

The campaign was a no-holds-barred contest between McAllen's Anglo elite and a populist coalition of the city's Mexican-American professionals, small-business men and poverty-stricken farm laborers. The leading figure in the political drama was 61-year-old Mayor Brand, a Baptist conservative who likes to refer to himself as the "Onion King of the World." Brand came to the isolated but fertile Rio Grande Valley from Georgia forty years ago, when McAllen's population was one-fifth what it is today. He has since become a multimillionaire on the profits from his forty-five vegetable growing, packing and shipping operations throughout the Valley, Mexico, Canada and Europe. A high school dropout with a keen eye for business and political opportunity, Brand's aggressive style matches his large stature (he once punched a fellow school board member in the face during a meeting). An avowed union-hater who has said he would give up his lucrative vegetable business and go into ranching rather than sign a contract with a farm workers' union, Brand has been known to wave his pistol in the faces of striking laborers in his fields. He counts among his friends Texas Governor Bill Clements, Dallas computer magnate H. Ross Perot and conservative radio and TV commentator Paul Harvey.

Brand's major opponent was Dr. Ramiro Casso, a 58-year-old general practitioner whose popularity stems from thirty years of service to Mexican-Americans in some

David C. Kibbe, M.D., is a general practitioner in McAllen, Texas, and works with migrant farm workers. Kenneth Bain is the author of The March to Zion: United States Policy and the Founding of Israel *(Texas A&M University Press) and professor of American history at Pan American University in Edinburg, Texas.*

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of McAllen's poorest neighborhoods. Fifteen years ago, Casso established a clinic to provide free medical care to migrant farm workers. He has been a member of the school board, the board of trustees of McAllen's hospital and the board of directors of one of the area's largest banks. A soft-spoken man with a wry sense of humor, Casso holds a mechanical engineering degree from Texas A&M University, a master's degree in chemistry from Baylor and a medical degree from the University of Texas Southwestern Medical School in Dallas.

A longtime opponent of Brand's, Casso decided to challenge him for mayor several months after successfully organizing a campaign to block him and the City Commission from selling McAllen's municipal hospital to the Hospital Corporation of America (H.C.A.), a private, for-profit chain of hospitals [see Peter Koenig, "Skimming the Profits Off Health Care," *The Nation*, December 15, 1979]. According to Casso, "Mr. Brand tried to make a deal which would have shut the hospital doors to our city's poor, without even notifying the citizens of the plan. Apparently he hadn't bothered to look at the city charter." Casso and his supporters forced a referendum, which narrowly decided the issue against selling the hospital to H.C.A. A subsequent referendum almost unanimously approved the sale of the hospital to Methodist Hospitals of Dallas, known for its commitment to community interests.

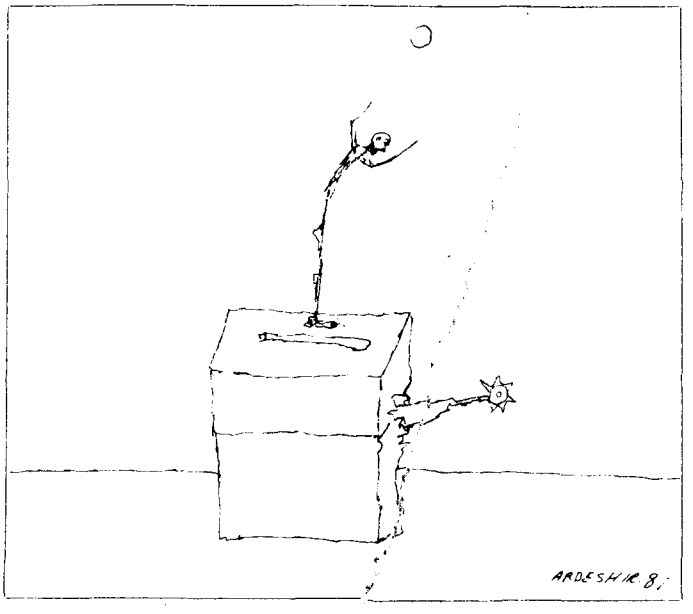
Another person whose opposition to the mayor's administration was important in the campaign was James C. Harrington, the American Civil Liberties Union lawyer who had filed seven police brutality suits against the city and individual police officers dating back to 1976. Because many of the incidents of police mistreatment of prisoners occurred during Brand's first term, the coalition backing Casso hoped to make a political issue of the Mayor's apparent unwillingness to discipline the officers involved. But the rumors of beatings did not excite the electorate—that is, not until videotapes were released that showed policemen routinely punching, kicking and verbally abusing Mexican-American prisoners, all of them handcuffed and most of them intoxicated. The videotapes were made by a camera located directly behind the booking desk. The camera had been placed there with the intent of protecting policemen from false charges of mistreatment; instead, it recorded the midnight rampages of officers, who called themselves the "C-shift animals," slamming heads on the booking desk and dragging prisoners to their cells by their hair.

In an ironic twist, Brand and the McAllen City Attorney were responsible for the release of the videotapes to the press just weeks before the election. In an attempt to defuse the police brutality issue, the city agreed to an out-of-court settlement in a class-action suit brought by Harrington on behalf of fifteen victims of the beatings. The agreement was overseen by Federal District Judge James De Anda in Brownsville, Texas, and included payment of $250,000 by the city to the claimants as well as the city's promise to make structural reforms within the Police Department, among them a citizen review board and additional training for police officers.

When the city immediately reneged on that part of the agreement dealing with structural reforms, Harrington filed a new suit on behalf of another beaten citizen; this time, the parties went to trial. Judge De Anda ruled that the videotapes could become public evidence (the city had tried to persuade the judge to view them privately in his chambers), and shock waves spread throughout the Valley and the country when the sadistic treatment of prisoners at the hands of the McAllen police was aired on CBS national news.

Testimony during the trial implicated Brand, who has been mayor since 1977, in a scheme to destroy the tapes in defiance of a protective court order in effect since 1976. It is a charge that Brand vehemently denies, saying that he took steps to halt the abuse as soon as he learned of it in 1978. Brand claims that his order to erase tapes referred only to those that, for reasons that are still not known, were made of his telephone conversations with members of the Police Department. The Mayor has been hard pressed to explain, however, why he did not know of the incidents of brutality earlier, and why, if he had "thoroughly looked into the matter," as he claims to have done in 1978, the beatings continued until at least 1979.

Enraged by the city's obvious abuse of power, Casso made Brand's style of leadership and his mishandling of the brutality cases a major issue in his appeal to the voters. Urging them to "throw off the iron fist" of the Brand administration, Casso charged that the mayor ruled the city like an "ayatollah." In any previous campaign, direct attacks by a Hispanic on an incumbent mayor would have been unthinkable, if not suicidal, but Casso was able to count on the support of some 4,300 newly registered voters, the product of one of the strongest voter registration drives ever made in Texas. The drive signed up 14,000 Hispanic voters in Hidalgo County in the winter of 1980-81 under the leadership and financial backing of the Southwest Voter Registration and Education Project (S.V.R.E.P.) in San Antonio. According to Willie Velasquez, the project's executive director, the drive brought the total number of



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Hispanic voters to a thin majority in McAllen, an estimated 15,600 of the city's 27,917 registered voters.

Brand, for his part, countered with allegations of "widespread voter fraud" involving the Casso campaign. Just before the election, Brand announced that he was asking Governor Clements to send officials from the Secretary of State's office to monitor the election in order to prevent the "fraud" from going any further, that is, to stop any illegally registered voters from participating. Finally, he announced plans to have the ballots impounded.

Brand was actually attempting to frighten Mexican-American voters away from the polls. Although they are a large numerical majority in McAllen and throughout the Valley, political participation has come slowly for the region's Mexican-Americans, many of whom do not speak English. In Hidalgo County, close to half the residents earn less than $6,000 a year, below the Federal poverty line, and fully 80 percent of them are Mexican-American. While the Anglo rich and the emerging Mexican-American middle class live in exclusive neighborhoods on the north and east sides of McAllen, the poor, mostly unskilled migrant agricultural workers subject to high seasonal unemployment, live in barrios south of the railroad tracks and in *colonias*, makeshift settlements where many of the streets are unpaved and sanitary facilities consist of outdoor privies. Under such conditions, many eligible Mexican-American voters do not feel that they have much at stake in the political process. With rumors circulating in the barrios that Brand had brought in state officials to watch how they would vote, these people, naturally suspicious of the authorities, stayed away from the polls.

Yet, on April 4, in the first round of the election, Casso led the field by 869 votes. Brand was second. Mike Frost, a businessman, garnered only 2,071 of the 12,788 votes cast, but that was enough to force a runoff. Less than four hours after the polling stations closed, Frost appeared arm-in-arm with Brand on the local evening news to offer his warm support and that of his backers.

After the election, in preparation for testimony on the Voting Rights Act before the House Judiciary Committee, S.V.R.E.P. conducted a study of the election-fraud allegations raised by Brand. The study concluded, as did the Texas Secretary of State's office, that no fraud had been committed. There were 629 double-registered citizens of *all* ethnic backgrounds who had been purged from the voter lists by Hidalgo County voter registrar Frank Champion—only 2.5 percent of the total number of persons registered, a figure that compared favorably to other areas of Texas (in Bexar County, for example, the last purge removed 4.85 percent of the registered voters for duplicate registration, change of address and death). As S.V.R.E.P.'s Velasquez summed up:

> The vast weight of data leads us to the inevitable conclusion that Mayor Brand's allegations are a shameful attempt to appeal to the worst elements in Texas politics. The allegations and hysteria raised by Othal Brand are clearly designed to intimidate Mexican-American voters from participating in the electoral process. For that reason, we have asked the Department of Justice to send Federal observers to McAllen to insure the integrity of the vote in the May 9, 1981, run-off election.

The Federal monitors never came. The only voting irregularities that occurred were committed by the city officials running the election. Judges and clerks in some precincts consistently displayed prejudice against Hispanic voters. Brand was allowed to enter the polling stations, where he engaged in electioneering and antagonized Casso's poll watchers. During the two-week period allowed for absentee voting prior to the runoff, more than fifty sworn affidavits were signed by Hispanic voters, most of them elderly, who either had been turned away from the polls with no effort made to search the voting lists for their names or had been discouraged from voting by judges unnecessarily demanding identification papers and belittling them for not speaking English. It was discovered that people entering and leaving the absentee voting station were being videotaped by Brand's campaign workers with a camera hidden in a house across the street—a revelation that the latter may have encouraged. Brand justified the action as a "necessary precaution" to prevent illegal voting, but it was clearly another example of his high-handed tactics of intimidation.

Brand spent $133,000 during the first campaign to win a post that pays $50 a year, and he was to spend another $69,000 to insure his victory in the runoff. The "Stop Casso" campaign moved into high gear in the weeks before the second election, as rhetoric escalated on both sides and a concerted effort was begun to label Casso as bent on a "Mexican takeover" of McAllen's government. It was rumored that Casso, if elected, would fire all Anglos on the city staff (twenty-one of whom had quit their jobs during Brand's term). Some of the stories that spread throughout the north-side coffee shops and beauty salons were so absurd as to be humorous, to say nothing of the catch phrase, "Remember: Fidel Castro was a doctor, too!"

In order to stir up fears in the Anglo community, Brand accused Casso of being a racist. It wasn't easy. Casso and his running mates for the City Commission, educator George Gonzalez and engineer Richard Salinas, had run advertisements before the first election requesting that both sides in the contest refrain from using ethnic references. Casso never gave the ethnic issue any importance in his speeches or advertisements. At one point, he privately commented, "What's all this talk about racial differences? I was under the impression we were both Caucasians." He did, however, call Brand "cruel and inhumane" in spots played over Spanish-speaking radio stations. This gave Brand the opportunity he had been seeking. After mistranslating the word *bárbaro*, which as an adjective means cruel or savage, a local TV announcer said that Casso had called Brand "a barbarian." During a follow-up interview, Brand offhandedly remarked that his opponent's comment was "a typical racist slur from a racist campaign," evidence of the attempts by Casso's supporters to divide the city. From that

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point on, Brand's standard rejoinder to any criticism was to accuse its maker of racism.

Meanwhile, in newspaper advertisements and a massive letter-writing campaign, the Brand team pulled out its trump card: the accusation that Casso was a front man for the United Farm Workers. Valley Texans ought to have known better than to believe it. The United Farm Workers in Texas is a union in name only. It has yet to sign a contract with a single grower, and its primary goals have been to provide much-needed legal and social services to its small membership. In fact, labor organization is almost nonexistent in the Valley. Of the light industries that have recently moved into the area and expanded the region's economy from its agricultural base, none are unionized. But the mere threat of a union incursion was enough to frighten many Anglos, whose only associations with organized labor hark back to the socialism of the 1930s.

Self-proclaimed champion of the moral minority's right to maintain the status quo against a racist hoard of Mexican-American unionists, Brand limped to victory with a narrow margin of 882 votes. Casso actually led by a similar margin until the 4,901 absentee votes were counted, many of them cast by "winter Texans," who live in trailer parks in the Valley during the winter months and return to their homes in Michigan, Wisconsin and other northern states in the spring. Their participation added the final irony to the Mayor's charges of "outsider" influence in the election.

A Federal grand jury is investigating charges of civil rights violations by the city in connection with the police beatings, and the famous videotapes are being reviewed in Washington by the Justice Department. The question posed by the irregularities is, Why did the department refuse to send marshals to monitor the election? As an editorial in *The Wall Street Journal* pointed out, here was an election that raised issues concerning the protection of minority groups' voting rights, yet, on the eve of the McAllen runoff, Justice Department officials were in Mobile, Alabama, attempting to reopen a case there. We agree with *The Journal* that debate about the renewal of the Voting Rights Act of 1965 must focus on protecting against abuses at the voting booth. McAllen would have been the perfect place for the Justice Department to renew enforcement of the original intentions of the act. In the absence of such an effort, George Powell of Texas Rural Legal Aid has filed a class-action suit, on behalf of McAllen's Mexican-Americans, against Brand and the city, accusing them of having violated the Voting Rights Act and the Constitution during the elections.

As for Mayor Brand, he and the *patrón* system he epitomizes may be on their way out. The Mayor faces a divided city and an aroused Mexican-American populace that will forge a stronger political organization in the years ahead. A bid by Brand's own *patrón*, Governor Clements, to give him statewide political recognition was recently quashed. Despite—or was it because of?—the police-brutality scandal in McAllen, Clements nominated Brand to the State Board of Corrections. The Texas Senate rejected the nomination in deference to the Senator representing McAllen, Hector Uribe. □

ESTABLISHMENT DOVECOTE

The Non-Selling Of Détente

KATRINA VANDEN HEUVEL

The record of the American Committee on East-West Accord, the most important pro-détente group in the United States, tells us a great deal about the ineffectiveness of pro-détente politics today. Despite its large and influential membership, its substantial funding and the vigorous role it plays in Washington politics, the committee, founded in 1974, has yet to achieve its first success. Indeed, it has seen the hard-line views of its archrival, the Committee on the Present Danger, become official American policy.

The American Committee's long losing streak has caused considerable soul-searching among its illustrious board of directors and members. At the general meeting last June, a dissident group questioned the committee's traditionally elitist politics and called for an effort to reach a larger constituency. In any event, the committee's failure to advance the cause of détente demonstrates once again that foreign policy is too important to be left to the foreign-policy establishment.

Originally called the Committee on U.S.-Soviet Relations, the American Committee on East-West Accord was created as a conventional lobbying group. Registered under the Federal Regulation of Lobbying Act, its sole purpose was to push for policies already being followed by the Nixon Administration. But by 1975, the committee was confronted with the prospect of a different American policy toward the Soviet Union. The Ford Administration was unwilling or unable to pursue détente with former President Richard Nixon's vigor, while hard-line opposition was growing in Congress and a national election loomed.

Apparently sensing a crisis ahead, the committee published in January 1975 a full-page "declaration of purpose" in *The Washington Post*, which sought "to assure the President, the Congress and the American people at large that a growing constituency supports improved relations with the Soviet Union." The reference to "a growing constituency" was mostly rhetorical; then, as now, the committee's most cherished constituency was the Washington establishment.

The 1975 declaration was signed by an eminent group that reflects the committee's elitist but also diverse composition. (David Rockefeller once asked the committee's co-directors, "How in the hell did you get all these people together?") It extends from right-wing Republicans to left-liberal Democrats, from corporate chairmen to college professors. Intellectuals such as John Kenneth Galbraith, Wassily Leon-

Katrina vanden Heuvel, a Nation *intern, is working on a study of victims of the McCarthy years.*

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tief, Stanley Hoffman and Fred Warner Neal are joined by present or former corporate chiefs such as Donald Kendall of Pepsico, Armand Hammer of Occidental Petroleum and Robert Schmidt of Control Data, as well as by former U.S. ambassadors such as George Kennan, to promote the cause of American-Soviet détente.

The board of directors, which meets occasionally to discuss new programs, funding and membership, is no less diverse. It includes eight businessmen, one current and one former university president, five other academics, three former ambassadors, a retired admiral, the general counsel of the United Automobile Workers and the former publisher of *Newsday*. Schmidt, a blunt-speaking businessman, is the committee's president; Galbraith, Kendall and Kennan serve as co-chairmen.

The respective rosters of eminent names associated with the American Committee and the anti-détente Committee on the Present Danger show how the American elite have been divided on the question of relations with the Soviet Union for decades. But whatever their views on international politics, the corporate members of the American Committee also have an obvious profit motive. For example, Kendall, a charter member of the executive board, was a Nixon Republican, and Pepsico was one of the first companies to enter the Soviet market. But while some of its critics consider the committee a "trade association," its 1979-80 financial statement indicates that corporate contributions provided a minor portion of its $191,699 operating budget.

In 1977, as the controversy over détente loomed larger, the committee transformed itself from a registered lobby into a tax-exempt, educational organization. For that reason, and also in hopes that the omission of the word "Soviet" would make it easier to raise funds, the committee changed to its present name. The organization also "broadened its perspective" (a move that may have been prompted by the formation of the Committee on the Present Danger a year earlier), and promised to launch a "national public educational" campaign. But the committee's record since 1977 shows that it has changed very little from its days as a Washington lobby.

Individual members still promote pro-détente views on television, on radio and in opinion articles for major newspapers. The committee did produce a powerful twenty-four-minute pro-SALT film, *Survival or Suicide*, which *The Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists* said "should be seen by every schoolchild in the country." Although aired more than 800 times in the United States, the film was, director Carl Marcy admits, a direct response to an anti-SALT film already in circulation and not part of a new public-opinion strategy. Other projects continue to be aimed at a relatively narrow audience—a bimonthly newsletter, *East/West Outlook* (formerly *Just for the Press*), which is sent to 5,000 recipients, mostly in government, media and business, and two short books on U.S.-Soviet relations. A third volume, on U.S.-Soviet military relations, is being planned. Presumably, like the previous two books, it will convey the committee's key message: the need for a sober, business-like relationship with the Soviet Union, in the "common-sense" vernacular of the policy elite.

The "common sense" of SALT II as an alternative to nuclear holocaust has been the committee's greatest losing cause of the 1970s and 1980s. The committee's leaders went all out for the treaty, testifying before the Senate, organizing petition drives directed at "prominent Americans," lobbying the Carter White House and State Department, and buying pro-SALT ads in both *The Washington Post* and *The New York Times*. All to no avail.

The defeat of the treaty produced an uncharacteristically radical proposal that originated, however, as the personal initiative of committee co-chairman Kennan. Accepting the Albert Einstein Peace Award in May, he called for a 50 percent reduction in both the American and Soviet nuclear arsenals. At its general meeting in June, the committee voted unanimously, with surprisingly little discussion, to endorse the proposal. What more conservative members actually think of it isn't clear. (In a recent telephone interview, Armand Hammer called the proposal "unrealistic.")

The committee's one effort to shape public opinion, rather than to rescue lost policies, is an innovative plan for a "Military Nonintervention Pact." The scheme was the committee's response to the anti-détente fallout of the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. Conceived by Arthur Cox, a former Central Intelligence Agency analyst who is the committee's policy consultant, the pact would ban the direct or indirect use of American or Soviet combat forces in Africa, the Middle East, and South and Southeast Asia. A $100,000 campaign has been launched to promote the idea. Thus far, it has received some attention in the press, though virtually none from people in power.

But the basic impulse of the committee's staff, the majority of its directors and, probably, most of its members remains steadfastly elitist. Part of the problem may lie with the permanent staff. Marcy, its director since the beginning, was chief of staff of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee for eighteen years, and while his professional experience makes him an adept lobbyist, he is less comfortable with grass-roots politics. Jeanne Mattison, the committee's co-director since 1977, was a television and stage actress until 1967 and then publicity director for several public-interest groups.

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Marcy and Mattison reject a broad-based approach. "The committee was really put together," Mattison explained, "with the thought that if you had credible, knowledgeable people, who were influential as well, that was the best voice to speak about détente with. . . . Better than a demonstration in the street, which could be referred to as a grass-roots approach."

Since 1977, the committee's "invitation-only" membership has grown from 130 to 250. Many liberals joined after Ronald Reagan's Presidential victory, including Robert McNamara, Jacob Javits, George McGovern, Frank Church, Dick Clark, Hodding Carter 3d and Leonard Woodcock. However, no new effort has been made to recruit among ordinary citizens and groups that share the committee's goals. Mattison insists that its roster of notables gives the committee "credibility and legitimacy when we go talk to senators and members of the Administration."

The committee has clearly had difficulty adjusting to its new and unwanted role as an opponent of official policy. As Neal, a founder and executive vice president, explained recently, "The committee was organized to support a policy of the United States, the policy of U.S.-Soviet détente. It's one thing to support a policy of the government and another thing to oppose it. It's . . . more gutsy to oppose it, and more difficult."

At the general meeting last June, board members such as William Attwood, former publisher of *Newsday*, and Stephen F. Cohen, a professor of politics at Princeton University, committee member Seth Tillman, a spokesman for George McGovern's Americans for Common Sense, as well as Anne Zill, a representative of Stewart Mott's Fund for Constitutional Government, urged the committee to become more activist and grass-roots oriented. They called for an emergency national conference on détente, a coalition with other advocacy groups with similar foreign policy goals and more direct involvement in political campaigns.

This proposed strategy is resisted by Marcy, Mattison, Schmidt and probably most corporate committee members, who prefer "bipartisanship" and traditional lobbying tactics. Indeed, the prevailing view seems to be that the best tactic is a conciliatory line, even toward the cold-warrish Reagan Administration. In a memorandum written shortly before Reagan's inauguration, the committee staff and several of the more cautious members insisted that outright opposition would be counterproductive: "It is important that we stick with bipartisanism . . . and . . . hold firm on matters of principle, but always assume a conciliatory attitude." What will the committee do if the Reagan Administration's actions begin to match its strident rhetoric? "We will say so," Mattison replies, "with all the force we have and all the dignity of the committee and its membership."

But "dignity" won't be enough. The committee's influential members have not been able to stop the rush toward a second cold war, and without public opinion behind them, they won't be able to put détente together again. Despite polls over the years showing substantial public support for improved U.S.-Soviet relations, and despite the potentially life-or-death issues at stake, détente seems to be a lost cause. This is due not so much to international events as to a failure of political leadership. So long as the American Committee on East-West Accord continues on its low-key, elitist course, it is not likely to provide that leadership. □

Opposition

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

torship of Ayatollah Khomeini. Rajavi studied political science at Teheran University, was trained in Palestinian camps in the late 1960s and returned to Iran to face arrest, torture and six years of imprisonment. Alone of the founding members of the Mujahedeen, he was spared execution as a result of a campaign of international appeals to the Shah.

The organization Rajavi heads, the People's Mujahedeen, was founded in 1965 by dissident Moslem radicals who rejected the conventional political tactics of Mehdi Bazargan and other Moslem opponents of the Shah. Influenced by the revolutionary doctrines of the late 1960s, they tried in vain to win over Bazargan by offering him translations of Mao Zedong.

In 1971, they started guerrilla activities, and over the next eight years approximately eighty members were killed and about 800 were imprisoned. Their targets were government officials and buildings as well as some U.S. military personnel living in the country. Although they survived, they were severely weakened. In 1975, a "Marxist-Leninist" faction, now known as *Peikar* (Combat), broke away, denouncing religion as "a petty-bourgeois deviation," and in the last years of the Shah's rule the Mujahedeen had only a skeletal organization outside the jails. They played a marginal role in the revolution, and when Rajavi was released in December 1978, he had to rebuild the movement from the ground up.

The Mujahedeen did, however, have one important asset, which they used to rally support from young people disillusioned with the Ayatollah: they were Moslems who had demonstrated their heroism against the Shah, yet they were independent of Khomeini. Rajavi told me how he was allowed to meet the Ayatollah on one occasion. Khomeini spent fifteen minutes expressing his affection for the Mujahedeen but requested that they accept his leadership. Rajavi declined and told him that there were some important issues he wished to raise. At this the Ayatollah got up and left the room, telling Rajavi that he would have to submit his requests in writing. They never met again.

The Mujahedeen did not openly oppose Khomeini until quite some time after his accession to power. They sup-

Fred Halliday is a fellow of the Transnational Institute, Amsterdam, and an editorial associate of New Left Review *and* MERIP Reports. *He is the author of* Arabia Without Sultans: A Political Survey of Instability in the Arab World *(Vintage) and* Iran: Dictatorship and Development *(Penguin). He is a regular contributor to* The Nation.

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ported the Islamic Constitution, albeit with reservations, and Rajavi even tried to run in the January 1980 presidential elections. But he was barred by Khomeini, who deemed him "un-Islamic." With this, the Mujahedeen threw their support behind Bani-Sadr.

The Mujahedeen have publicly criticized Khomeini on a number of issues. They oppose the dictatorial powers vested in him as *faqih*, or interpreter of the divine law. They have been the most consistent supporters of the rights of the Kurds for self-determination within the boundaries of Iran. They openly reported and denounced the use of torture by the Islamic Guards.

There are other issues on which their stand has not been so clear, given their general acceptance of Islamic principles. While they oppose certain of the present regime's policies on women, they accept the Koran's teachings on the role of women. (Their female members wear the *hejab*, or headscarf.) They espouse the familiar—and quite unconvincing—argument that in "true Islam," women and men are equal. Rajavi told me, "I have been accused of leaving Iran dressed as a woman. It is not true, but if it was, I would not be ashamed of it."

A broader area of disagreement with Khomeini derives from the question of Islam's involvement in politics. Rajavi now says that Khomeini is a *moshrek*, a "polytheist" in the language of the Koran, and not a true Moslem at all. Rajavi wants to see an Iran in which "truly" Islamic values are implemented—"democratic, progressive and not opposed to science and civilization," as he put it to me.

When I suggested that any politics based on Islam was bound to be dictatorial, given the authority accorded to a supposedly divine book, he replied that the Koran could be interpreted democratically. He also rejected my suggestion that no coherent socioeconomic program could be derived from a set of texts written fourteen centuries ago. When I questioned him about the Islamic intolerance of other religions, especially the Bahai, dozens of whose members have been shot, he made a distinction between the Bahai, whose prophets are not recognized by Islam, and Christianity and Judaism, whose prophets are.

The other side of Mujahedeen ideology is its social radicalism and its espousal of egalitarian and radical themes, which have led many observers, from the Shah to Khomeini, to accuse the Mujahedeen of being Marxist. Rajavi energetically rejected the materialism of Marxism, and insisted that the movement was independent of the Soviet Union.

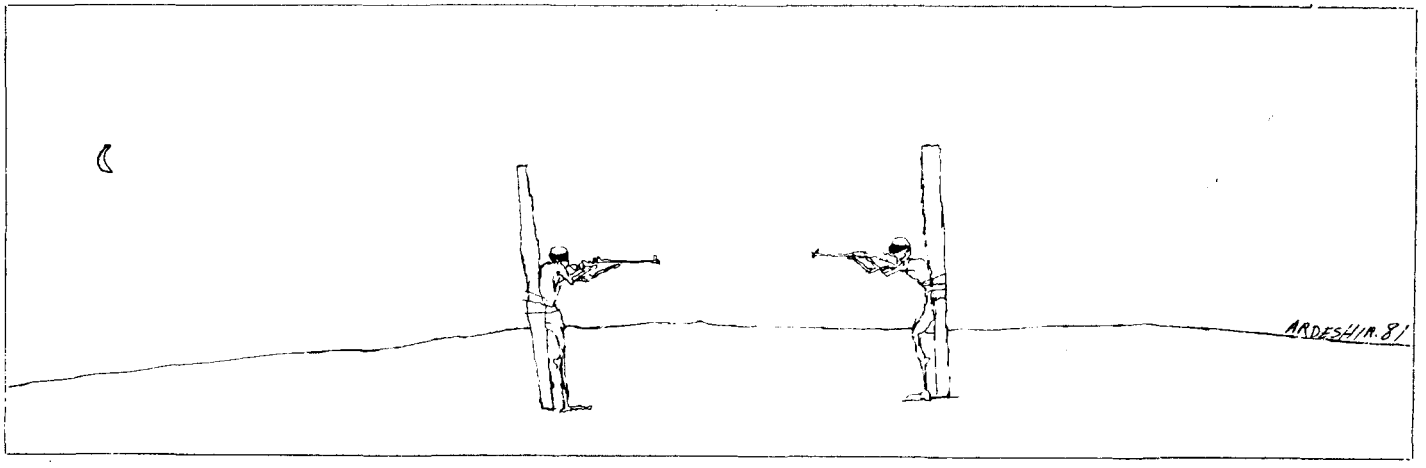
Rajavi's ideology may be obscure, but the organization he commands within Iran is capable of mounting a strong guerrilla opposition to the Iranian government for some time to come. Bani-Sadr, on the other hand, has only his record as President to buttress his claim to power; in fact, he has come increasingly to rely upon the Mujahedeen.

Bani-Sadr defends his early support for Khomeini and insists that the Ayatollah betrayed his initial promises. Like Rajavi, Bani-Sadr pins his hopes on a radical Islamic program. The trouble with Khomeini, I was told, was that he was too Hellenized, that is, too influenced by the Aristotelian theory of God as a naturalistic force, causing him to see himself as God's incarnation. The former President seems confident that he will return to Iran from Paris as Khomeini did before him, but there are many who feel that, just as Khomeini gave him his earlier prominence, he must now rely on others, like the Mujahedeen, for any future political role.

Paris

At the funeral service for President Mohammed Ali Rajai and Prime Minister Mohammed Javad Bahonar, killed in an incendiary bomb explosion on August 30, the speaker of the Iranian Parliament, Hojatolislam Hashemi Rafsanjani, called for vengeance. "Death to those who created a hell with fire," he said, "and burned a group of faithful believers and followers of the creed for their faith. God has cursed them—these people of the ditch, the arsonists and the bombers. This curse is death."

"The people of the ditch," a Koranic term of abuse, now encompasses a wide range of groups opposed to the regime of Ayatollah Khomeini, and the lines of political allegiance are extremely muddled. Secular groups such as the pro-Russian Tudeh Party and the majority of the Marxist Fedayeen Khalq guerrillas support Khomeini, while many Moslem militants oppose him. The latter group includes not only the Mujahedeen and former President Bani-Sadr but also the majority of the mullahs and the religious



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establishment in Iran. Indeed, the Iranian opposition is like an iceberg: part of it is visible, fighting in Teheran or denouncing in Paris, but a far larger part is in Iran, watching for its time to come. Two groups in particular have been holding themselves in reserve. The first comprises the leading ayatollahs, none of whom support Khomeini. They do not speak out in their mosques, but they remain in Iran and bide their time. Ayatollah Shariat-Madari in Tabriz retains the sympathies of the Azerbaijanis, about 20 percent of the Iranian population, and of the many Azerbaijani merchants who play such an important role in the Teheran bazaar.

It is the merchants who make up the second opposition group. They funded the revolution and, contrary to appearances, they have remained largely intact. Yet they have turned against Khomeini because of the new regime's meddling in the bazaar, the disorder in the country and the suppression of their political freedoms. If they are happy to see the Mujahedeen make a run against Khomeini, it is not out of sympathy for the guerrillas' views but because they hope that the radical opposition will also be bloodied in the fight.

It is not the great ayatollahs or the bazaar merchants who dominate the Iranian exile colony in Paris, however. Former Prime Minister Shahpur Bakhtiar lives under as heavy protection as Bani-Sadr does, but this is about all he has in common with the former President. Bakhtiar regards Bani-Sadr as a "buffoon," who is guilty of helping build up the Khomeini dictatorship. He welcomed Bani-Sadr's ouster from the presidency.

Bakhtiar would like to see a democratic monarchy in Iran on the British or Swedish model. He is not opposed to a republic if that is what the Iranian people want. But he is insistent that Islam should have no place in politics. "The mullahs must stay in the mosque," he told me, emphasizing the absolute importance of secularism in Iran.

I put it to Bakhtiar that he was now a discredited man, politically "burnt," because of his association with the monarchist opposition and his well-known ties to Iraq. Bakhtiar, who had just called on his military supporters inside Iran to rally behind the Azadegan group of monarchists who seized an Iranian ship in the Mediterranean in mid-August, insisted that he did have supporters inside Iran and compared his alliance with Iraq to that of Charles de Gaulle with the British during World War II. The British had to bomb France, he told me, but this did not prevent De Gaulle from collaborating with them to free France from tyranny.

Bakhtiar had some sharp words about former President Jimmy Carter's handling of the hostage crisis and even more about the role played by his National Security Adviser, Zbigniew Brzezinski. Bakhtiar believes it was Brzezinski who thought that Washington could do business with Khomeini, and who encouraged the U.S. representatives in Iran to persuade the Iranian Army to transfer its loyalty from Bakhtiar's administration to the mullahs. This he blames for his downfall.

Bakhtiar is outspoken in his contempt for most other opposition leaders. They are all "clowns" or "idiots." But this kind of rivalry pervades both the left and the right. Some of the secular left groups criticize the Mujahedeen for siding with Bani-Sadr, and intellectuals in Iran are particularly bitter about what they see as Bani-Sadr's role in launching the Islamic "cultural revolution" in the universities in April 1980. They also suspect him of wanting to make compromises with the West, which they regard as unnecessary.

The right-wing forces appear equally lacking in unity. Gen. Gholam Ali Oveissi, earlier seen as the boldest military leader, failed to win support from the Reagan Administration and retired in disgust to his villa. General Palizban, once reported to be leading rebel forces inside Iran, is now holed up in Italy. The new Shah, Mohammed Riza Pahlevi II, is rumored to be as indecisive as his father was and is being given conflicting counsel by his advisers in Cairo.

Two familiar adornments of the old Pahlevi court are, however, still in business. Princess Ashraf, the former Shah's tough-minded twin sister, is pushing the claims of her daughter Princess Azadeh, and her relations with the new Shah's mother, Queen Farah, are no better than usual. Ardeshir Zahedi, former ambassador to Washington and son of the man who organized the 1953 coup with the help of the Central Intelligence Agency, is based in Switzerland and is hoping to get more committed Western backing for the royalists.

The secular forces loyal to Khomeini regard their former allies on the left as victims of some engulfing conspiracy. Yet even they are expressing doubts about the recent turn in Teheran's policies. A leading member of the Tudeh Party, Amir Khrosrovi, who was in Paris not long ago, repeated the Tudeh's long-standing position that Khomeini should be seen as a "progressive" and "anti-imperialist" leader, and that the regime must move to the left if it is to survive.

At the same time, Tudeh leaders have opposed the execution of members of the Mujahedeen. They distinguish between what they see as the justified execution of royalists and the killings of "misled elements." A Tudeh-controlled radio broadcast from inside Soviet Azerbaijan also attacked the late President Rajai in quite strong terms, denouncing him as a "Maoist" for his equation of Soviet and U.S. policies toward Iran.

It is extremely unlikely, however, that the Tudeh and their other allies will break with the regime, if only because they are too weak to withstand the repression that would then be visited upon them. Rumors among the exiles of an imminent Tudeh coup, or of pervasive Tudeh influence within the Islamic Republican Party, are certainly inaccurate.

A central factor that is too rarely publicized is the degree of division within the Islamic regime itself. This has reached the stage where one veteran observer of Iranian politics could insist to me that "there is no regime in Iran now." It is this factional fighting among government supporters that must lie behind the two successful bomb attacks in June and August, because only a group within the Islamic Guards, the main security force, could have carried them out. The people of the ditch are united only in their determination to oust Khomeini, but there may be others bent on taking the Ayatollah's place, whose hands have not yet been declared. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Something New in Theme Parks

GENE LYONS

THE HOTEL NEW HAMPSHIRE. *By John Irving. E. P. Dutton. 401 pp. $15.50.*

In America, a "literary event" is defined as any time a novelist who earns his keep by teaching Creative Writing publishes what Rona Jaffee calls a "good read." John Irving's *The World According to Garp* was the literary event of 1979, if not of the decade. By now almost everyone in the United States who reads novels, and quite a few people who ordinarily do not, have laughed and cried over that book. The literary intellectuals among us—a term I shall not define—are, as always, confused about whether to approve not only of the novel itself but also of what seemed an unprecedentedly shrill merchandising effort for a literary event, including TV spots, T-shirts and photos of the handsome author staring out from the sides of buses. Should a Serious Novelist shill for his work the way James Garner pitches cameras and Brenda Vaccaro tampons? Is the bitch Commercial Success good for American novelists, or but the prelude to Irving's self-destruction? What is he going to *do* with all that dough? How many of Irving's detractors are motivated by something as simple as envy? Can a boxer beat a wrestler? How would Irving do in the ring with Norman Mailer? Can God make a weight he can't lift?

The answers to the last three questions are, in order, yes, very well, and yes and no. Mailer, you see, isn't a real boxer, while Irving used to be quite a good wrestler and from all reports seems to have taken the advice of one of his characters in *The Hotel New Hampshire* to "get obsessed and stay obsessed" with the care and maintenance of his body. The other questions, however, are well beyond the scope of a book review and too tangled in American self-love and self-hatred to admit of answers at all. It does bear recalling that even though magnified by the miracles of modern communications, Irving's fame does not yet approach that of Dickens or Twain, who were as well known to the average literate citizen of the nineteenth century as Johnny Carson is today. Neither has Irving written enough—the novel under consideration is his fifth—to qualify for the usually mixed blessing of having this new book treated as a large brick in the wall of his career.

Yet comparisons must and will be made, if only because *The Hotel New Hampshire*, regardless of what its author tells *Publishers Weekly* and *Time*, is very much like *The World According to Garp*. First there is the subject matter, which will be familiar to anybody who has read *any* of Irving's previous work: seedy New England prep schools, bears both real and imaginary, Vienna, weight lifting and physical fitness generally, rape, violent death, mutilation and very odd families. Of the ten major characters in the book—eight of whom belong to the first-person narrator's family—five die, two are raped and one is blinded before the story ends. Of those deaths only one is what policemen and newspaper reporters call "natural," and it is curious: Grandad, an aging football coach, drops dead of a heart attack while lifting weights and coming face to face unexpectedly with the family's recently deceased Labrador retriever, stuffed and mounted in an "attack" pose by the homosexual brother whose hobby is taxidermy. The dog's name is Sorrow. Sorrow, as readers have sad occasion to learn later, also floats; it is one of the novel's recurring themes. In life, though, the dog had been notoriously flatulent. Neither the animal nor the emotion can be alluded to later on without the narrator's reminiscing about the "old farter."

Yet whatever one's ultimate response to Irving's customary mix of vulgarity and portentousness—using those words for the moment as nonjudgmentally as one can—there is no denying that he has at least one thing in common with the aforementioned Twain and Dickens: he can tell stories. Things *happen* in *The Hotel New Hampshire*; if one admired Irving for nothing else, one would have to admit that he can keep as many narrative balls in the air without dropping them as anyone in America now writing fiction. Whether or not his books instruct and delight as we critics are supposed to think they should, they are full of characters and events, and suffused with details, surprises, digressions, subplots and asides. They are very much *written* too, which is to say they are literary constructs as opposed to screenplay outlines in disguise. For all of that, they move; most readers will not fail, having begun *The Hotel New Hampshire*, to read all the way to the last sad death.

Speaking personally, I cared for only one of the book's many characters, a small boy recognizably doomed and killed off fairly early on. (Despite his penchant for dispatching them, one quality I like in Irving is his ability to create children who act like children.) After the child's demise, for reasons I shall expand upon presently, my heart went out of the book. But I kept going because I wanted to see what would happen. Readers should perhaps be warned, however, that this reviewer once knocked off sixteen John D. MacDonald mystery novels in one month. In MacDonald's books, the reader knows that the love interest is going to get it sooner or later, if not toward the end of *The Empty Copper Sea*, then in the opening of *The Green Ripper*; Travis McGee is a loner, you see, and very much into sentimental revenge. What Irving is into is something else again. It is the beloved and the innocent who get it in his books too, but there is nobody to blame except the god of Irony. And in *The Hotel New Hampshire* that deity, I fear, is a sophomore.

Compared with *The World According to Garp*, Irving's new book is oddly passionless, particularly for one whose plot centers around fortuitous airplane disasters as well as incest, rape, pornography and political terrorism. It was Garp's passions—the desperate love of, and fear for, his wife and children that made him run after speeding cars—which spoke most directly, I think, to the novel's millions of readers. Like the Nabokov of *Lolita*, Irving had found a way to deal with the grotesque, the absurd and the murderous aspects of contemporary American life and yet to write a book about survival and love. Living as I do in a medium-sized American city which recorded six hand-

Gene Lyons lives in Little Rock, Arkansas. He has written for Harper's, The New York Review of Books, Texas Monthly *and other magazines.*

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gun deaths in twenty-four hours the last time the full moon shone on a weekend, and in which the Sheriff's Department urges women to carry concealed pistols and teaches them marksmanship, it was a theme I could respond to. So what if Irving wrote undistinguished prose? So did Dreiser. Any book that could make me laugh and cry at 3 A.M. deserved praise.

Few readers will be so moved this time around. For all of its energy, *The Hotel New Hampshire* ultimately declines into mere Creative Writing. Those who have read this far in search of a plot summary are urged to consult the dust jacket. Perhaps the publicity folks at Dutton can make some sense of the narrative, but I have had great difficulty. First there are Mother and Father and the bear called State O'Maine. Father is putting himself through Harvard by staging shows at resort hotels with the bear, who was trained by Father's friend Freud, a Viennese Jew who is no kin to the well-known Sigmund and who sails from the coast of Maine in the direction of Europe just prior to World War II and is presumed lost. A fool shoots the bear to death at the Hotel Arbuthnot. Next we find the couple in the mid-1950s at the Dairy School, a second-rate prep school in a nondescript mill town in southern New Hampshire. By now there are five children, Frank the homosexual, Franny the object of universal desire, John the narrator, Lilly the precocious dwarf and Egg the lovable and doomed little boy. Oh yes, and Coach Bob the weight lifter and Sorrow the flatulent Lab. Franny is obsessed with sex, and the narrator with Franny.

Father buys an old seminary for women and converts it into a very odd hotel where almost nobody ever stays, but where those who do have their nighttime activities monitored on the two-way intercom by Franny, Frank and John. Then Frank gets beaten up by the football team's entire backfield for his suspected homosexuality. Then the same gang rapes Franny and gets chased down (all but Chipper Dove, the punk quarterback) by an organization called The Black Arm of the Law and led by one Junior Jones, a massive tackle of what in those days was politely called the "Negro" persuasion. The anachronisms, of which there are many, are meant to indicate to us literal-minded types that, while the novel uses all the conventions of realism, the action takes place in Imagination-land, that paradise of Creative Writing teachers in which anything goes and the ancient art of *making things up* is considered numinous evidence of a fourth dimension.

The best part of setting one's books in Imagination-land is that as long as the story remains internally consistent, the author cannot be held responsible for what happens. Or, in one of the novel's oft-reiterated lines, "Life is serious, but art is fun." But I digress. After Franny's rape, Father gets a letter from Freud, who has somehow survived the Holocaust, although now blind. Freud owns a hotel and a very smart bear in Vienna; he needs Father, a dreamer, to run it. So the first Hotel New Hampshire is sold to a traveling circus of dwarfs and the family relocates in Europe. All except for Mother and Egg and Sorrow, whose plane goes down off the coast of France. (The wreckage is located because Sorrow floats.) The second Hotel New Hampshire features a permanent clientele of prostitutes and of leftist cranks who publish a journal and plot the destruction of bourgeois society. Several have "symbolic" names and curious histories, but as Irving provides explication within the text, I shall move along. The bear isn't a real bear but a homely, once-raped American girl named Susie, who keeps order around the place with her very realistic impersonation of the genuine article. Susie is also a feminist and becomes Franny's lover. In a bear suit. Franny also takes up for a time with one of the leftist cranks, a man who is also a pornographer. Parallels are drawn between the arts of terrorism and pornography. In the end there is a great explosion which takes out a few more characters, but Lilly the dwarf becomes a best-selling writer. Frank becomes her agent, and Franny stars in the movie, becomes an international celebrity and ultimately marries Junior Jones, reintroduced after a successful pro-football career when what is left of the family, now very wealthy, migrates back to New York City.

Unfortunately, Lilly's second book does not measure up to her first, and she is "wounded when the critics—when the damn reviewers, with their dull, plodding cunning—jumped on her." Even so, the book becomes a great success among the university crowd because "absolute obscurity was not only publishable but seemingly identified with seriousness." Lilly becomes a suicide, and John and Franny finally make love, with big sister wisely deciding to keep at it for hours and hours, until both sinners are sated and physically damaged:

> My private parts were in considerable pain. I saw Franny grimace when she got up from the table to get her purse; she was suffering the aftermath of our excesses, too—it was just as she had planned, of course: we would feel the pain of our lovemaking for days. And that pain would keep us sane.

All together now: "The pain in Spain keeps everybody sane."

Whatever we turgid hacks in the reviewing trade are to make of lines like that, indeed of anything at all about *The Hotel New Hampshire*, I have no idea. Reading back over the preceding, I find that I have muddled the order of things considerably, and left out a great deal. Lilly is yet in this life when her siblings couple; neither is Junior Jones back in the picture until later. And the ostensible climax of the novel, I think, is the scene in which Chipper Dove, ex-quarterback and rapist, turns up in New York City and gets humiliated in an elaborate bit of theater involving the surviving siblings and Susie the bear. But my guess is that very few readers who stumbled upon this review after finishing the novel would notice the discrepancies if I hadn't pointed them out. Cause and effect have little to do with each other in Imagination-land, which makes characters and events very hard to keep straight. After Egg and Mother and Sorrow go down, the novel becomes the year's longest and most random demonstration of the truisms that justice is only rarely poetic, that death never comes at the end but always in the middle of one's story and that Fate is a blind practical joker.

That is what I mean by Creative Writing. Despite what Irving says about the value of clarity, both through Franny and elsewhere, *The Hotel New Hampshire* is ultimately not only a confusing but a boring novel. Yes, readers will turn those pages, but then most of us will knock down a half bushel of stale buttered popcorn at one sitting too—even though we aren't really enjoying it. Creative Writers don't write *about* anything, you see, the way John D. MacDonald writes about real-estate swindles and insurance scams;

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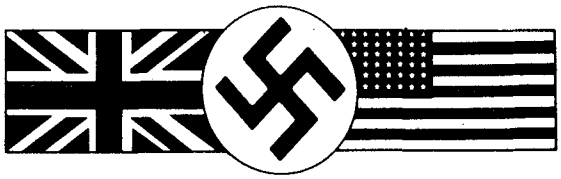
they just write. They wax creative.

The Hotel New Hampshire has absolutely nothing to do with the hotel business, about which Irving knows less, I would wager, than the night clerk at a Holiday Inn. Well, so what? Kafka was not an entomologist; *The Metamorphosis* is not a reliable source of beetle lore. But where Kafka *penetrates* the grotesque, Irving takes the reader water-skiing. The novel is all surfaces, all situations. Brother Frank is a homosexual and a taxidermist. He is also a pessimist. But that is *all* one knows about Frank. We meet none of his lovers, learn literally nothing about how and when he discovered his inclination, what he thinks or feels about it, what he wears, how he walks, talks, relates to heterosexuals . . . nothing. Here's Frank. He's a homo who stuffs Labrador retrievers. Can you believe it? (Turn up the laugh track.) And here's little sister Lilly. She's so little she's a dwarf. I mean, can you believe this family? See Lilly dance "stoically, with one of Father and Mother's friends, Mr. Matson, an unfortunately tall man—although if he had been short, he couldn't have been short enough for Lilly. They looked like an awkward, perhaps unmentionable animal act." (Chuckles.) That's it for Mr. Matson, whom Irving invents just to dance with the dwarf. Lilly pretty much disappears from the book until she writes *Trying to Grow*, her big best seller. As far as we know, it's about her crazy family, like the book we are reading. Then she kills herself. Why? Who cares? We've got a story to keep moving here, an Imagination to show off. Even incest—which could very well be the pop-lit sexual theme of the Reagan years—gets a sketchy treatment. "When you're in love with your sister," the narrator tells us in one of Irving's better lines, "you lose a lot of perspective on the real world." Yet an all-day and half-the-night session with Franny affects our boy no more than a head cold. Once it's done we hardly hear about it again. Whether Franny tells Junior Jones we are not informed. But then Junior wouldn't be at all perturbed, one guesses. He's your basic big, black Teddy Bear, and changes not a jot from prep school to law school, college and pro career notwithstanding. I kept waiting for him to start hollering "less filling," or "tastes great."

Then there's Fred, or "Seeing Eye Dog Number Three." I forgot to tell you that Father was blinded in the great

AUSCHWITZ
THE WORLD KNEW, YET DID NOTHING.



AUSCHWITZ AND THE ALLIES is "A devastating account of what can now be seen as a monstrous aberration....[the] revelations in these pages are irrefutable." —John Barkham Reviews

How much did those in power around the world know? How did the Allied governments react? And why did they make virtually no effort to save Europe's Jews from extermination? Why was Auschwitz never bombed and the crematoria destroyed?

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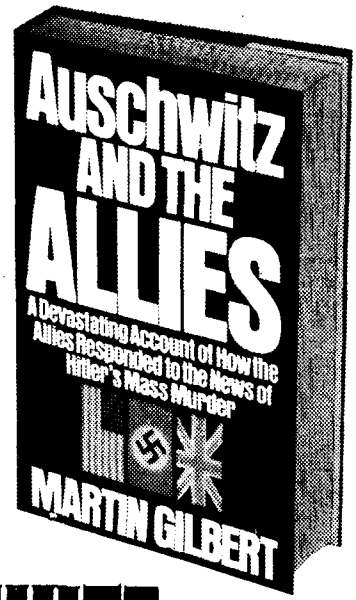
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MARTIN GILBERT

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AUSCHWITZ AND THE ALLIES

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Holt, Rinehart & Winston

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explosion in Vienna. And that the final Hotel New Hampshire is located on the seacoast of Maine. Fred's

> only bad habit was that he tried to hump the cleaning woman's daughter whenever the little girl strayed from her mother's side. Fred would goofily pin the little girl to the ground and start humping her, and the little girl would scream "No, Fred!" and whack Fred with a mop or a broom, or with whatever was handy. And Father would hear the fracas and know what was going on, and he'd yell, "Goddam it, Fred, you horny bastard! Get your ass over here, Fred!" And the deaf handyman, the retired lobsterman, our *other* Fred, would cry out, "What? What?" And I'd have to go find him (because Father refused) and tell him, "NOT YOU, FRED! NOTHING, FRED!"

Neither Fred the handyman nor Fred the lubricious dog is heard from again. The digression interrupts the tale of how the family learned Lilly had jumped out a hotel window. Life in the face of Death, you see. And in the end, John the narrator marries Susie the bear. She's not a lesbian anymore.

Imagination-land is like most theme parks. The grownups will enjoy it once a lot more than they'll admit, but unlike the children, they'll never want to go back. John Irving ought to quit wasting his time there too; he's frittering away his narrative gift on nonsense. □

Life on the Mississippi

RICHARD LINGEMAN

OLD GLORY: An American Voyage. *By Jonathan Raban. Simon and Schuster. 409 pp. $16.95.*

As a young lad, Joseph Conrad supposedly poked his finger at the heart of Africa on a map and said, "I'm going there." When Jonathan Raban was growing up in England, he became enamored of the Mississippi River. He had read *Huckleberry Finn*, and Huck's river was a "stillwater paradise" in his dreams—an escape hatch from a strict home ruled by his clergyman father.

One day Raban took out the family atlas and traced Huck's river with its sonorous ports of call. "Dubuque . . . Hannibal . . . St. Louis . . . Cairo . . . Memphis . . . Natchez . . . Baton Rouge . . . struck a legendary and heroic note in my ear." His dream river became a "heady, intensely private vision. I hugged the idea of the huge river to myself. I exulted in the freedom and solitude of being afloat on it in my imagination."

About thirty years later, tired of London and so, presumably, of life, unable to write, waking every morning at 5 "as the tranquilizers I had taken lost their grip," Raban lit out for the territory ahead, all the way west to Minneapolis, to begin a journey in search of his childhood dream. *Old Glory* is a record of his quest down the length of the Mississippi in a sixteen-foot aluminum boat with a fifteen-horsepower engine and a candy-striped canopy. The words of the lockmaster who gave him his watery elevator ride down into the "destructive element" would echo many times in the days to come: "We get drownings every day. You going to ride the Mississippi, you better respect her or she'll do you in."

Only forty or so pages into the book, then, we have the prologue of a quest, and we know we are in for more than scenery; Raban posits a multilayered journey, with psychic implosions of insight, adventures with strange creatures, tests of manhood. By so elevating his theme, Raban joins company with a select group of writers about travel—as opposed to travel writers who report on the availability of baby sitters in Nepal or chiropodists in Samarkand. The writers of this new school—Edward Hoagland, Paul Theroux, Peter Mathiessen, even see-America-firsters like Frederick Exley and Robert Pirsig—seek epiphanies, revelations; their books have a novelistic quality, with the writer as his own sui generis alienated hero, stripped by foreign eyes of his carapace of identity, bringing us exotic sights but also pitting himself against strangeness, looking deep into himself reflected in a new mirror.

Unlike a Mrs. Trollope among the barbarians, the contemporary travel writer is a cultural relativist; there are no traditional standards by which to castigate abominable table manners or disgusting tobacco-spitting. Raban brings a kind of mid-Atlantic ecumenism in his luggage; the flow of innocence abroad has turned around, and the Englishman is the polite, friendly listener and observer. The bland exterior conceals, however, a razor-edged blade of caricature, as in this description of the adipose burghers at the Minnesota state fair:

> Generation by generation, their families had eaten themselves into Americans. Now they all had the same figure, same broad bottom, same Buddha belly, same neckless join between turkey-wattle chin and sperm-whale torso. The women had poured themselves into pink stretch-knit pant suits; the men swelled against every seam and button of their plaid shirts and Dacron slacks.

Mrs. T. would have nodded approvingly at these words; behold, the Overfed American! There are, no doubt, numerous gaunt runners to be found on any Minneapolis jogging trail, high on bee pollen and chasing the grail of invincible cardiovascular systems. If Raban had happened upon them, he probably would have delivered some corrosive words on the American cult of thinness, but the point is that the new travel writer's lack of explicit standards does not prevent him from refracting his perceptions through the prism of his own values and sensibility.

But I do not mean to dwell on this; Raban shows us mostly American Yahoos and ordinary folk, presented with wit and sympathy, because that is what he saw, and his main purpose is contained in Conrad's dictum to the novelist: "above all to *see*." This Raban achieves in abundance; his descriptions are sharp, his ear for dialogue fine-tuned. He can skewer a life in an anecdote and evoke a river scene in a few brushstrokes like a Chinese painter. For all his protestations of drifting with the flow, letting Lady Serendipity be his guide, he manages to barge in on a wide range of scenes—churches, Iowa pig roasts, Knights of Columbus picnics, a motel that is like a set for Hitchcock's *Psycho*, the lives of two English war brides in Missouri, one thoroughly assimilated, the other pining away in a crumbling rooming house, waiting for someone to come and fetch her. He employs to the hilt the lordly prerogative of the travel writer, which is to sample the pleasures and infelicities of a place, poke at the animals a bit, then move on to the next cache of "material." As an Englishman he has the added advantage, in many of the small towns where

Richard Lingeman, executive editor of The Nation, *is author of* Small Town America.

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he stops to spend his nights, of being a welcome novelty in humdrum lives. A kind of exchange of trinkets of intimacy takes place.

One is reminded of the French traveler Jean Baptiste Truteau's experience at a Cheyenne conclave in the 1790s. Truteau was ceremoniously stripped of all his clothes before the assembled tribe by an Indian woman, who rubbed him intimately over his entire body. He was then presented with a new set of Indian finery. Truteau quickly sensed the etiquette, even as he swallowed—or so he reported afterward—his moral outrage; he presented his own clothes to the chief. Similarly, the sojourner in small towns must strip himself of his normal urban reserves and make the gift of his novelty in exchange for bed and breakfast and a glimpse into the secret lives of his hosts—like the fat woman whose husband's pet name for her is "Vicious" and who spends her days watching television but leaves by Raban's bed her spiritual diary, a chrestomathy of the gloomiest verses in the Bible. In the big cities, he becomes part of the urban mass of visiting conventioneers wandering the empty inner-city streets on a Sunday, amid gleaming high-rises and decaying slums:

> The only people on the streets had been conventioneers, recognizable by the way in which they wandered, uncuriously, like well-dressed mental patients on the grounds of a hospital. . . . Obediently, as if I had swallowed my dose of Lithium and were following the instructions of the head nurse, I had ridden to the top of the Arch.

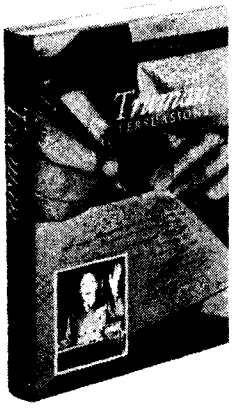
In St. Louis, he takes an extended shore leave and lives with a woman named Sally. Eventually, he feels the old urge to move on, back down the river that provides a rhythmic ground bass of heedless natural force to the tamer notes of the riparian towns and cities. *L'affaire* Sally is the closest Raban comes to letting the local Lilliputians tie him down; most of the time, he shrugs off ensnaring filaments of human ties, thus avoiding boors and lovers alike. "You coward," Sally hisses before he goes; he agrees. He likes the American way of moving on when the prospect displeases, yet hates the way many of the river towns have turned their backs on the river—even erecting, as Cape Giradeaux, Missouri, did, a kind of Berlin wall against it—and moved symbolically west to garish stripvilles of shopping centers, motels and Pizza Huts. The American frontier is now a repressed neurosis, he would say, a free-floating nostalgia, irrupting idiosyncratically in odd individuals—like the man who has snapshots of himself in Western gear, or the groups who fry catfish at picnics on the river bank—or in the very urge to escape from the river itself, to try something else when the shipping trade dies or the river imperiously alters course, as is its wont, leaving a town high and dry. A few towns linger on, preserving their mellow splendor erected upon the expansionistic hopes of an earlier day, or wither. Or, like Vicksburg, they dig a canal to recapture the river after it deserts them, and continue a thriving trade.

Ultimately, the Mississippi defeats Raban, but not before he finds, fleetingly, his childhood river, as he stands on a bluff in Lansing, Iowa. The prospect is identical to the picture in his head, and he has an eerie sense of precognition: "Seeing it now in all its powerful clarity, I found it hard not to think that somehow I had remembered it." The Mississippi is the archetypal river of American memory; even when we turn our backs on it (and we die a little when we do so), it is there. As the man tells Raban: "You take the disrespectingest man . . . a man who's never had respect for *any*thing all his life. Put him on the river. Just for one day. It'd change him. He'd have to show respect for that." Like life, it is treacherous and inexorable. But we must continue to build canals . . .

Finally, the sheer physicality and danger do Raban in, and on the last leg of his voyage he hitches rides on giant "tows"—lines of barges pushed by powerful boats that churn up seven-foot waves; the river, he sees, belongs to them, not to the dilettantes. The quest leads to enervation—a stopover in a vulgar, touristy New Orleans, then the Mississippi's terminal divagations through fetid swamps smelling of "alligator guts," a call at Morgan City, "the armpit of the world," in the words of a local, where a druggie who mistakes Raban for a Fed pulls a knife on him, through bayous and silent trees clotted with Spanish moss "like the matted dirt which collects inside the bags of vacuum cleaners," and down to the point where the green of the river mingles with the blue waters of the gulf. Lady Serendipity has withdrawn her favors by now; the quest for renewal has ended in blankness: "*Ain't nothing.*

The Truman Persuasions

Robert Underhill



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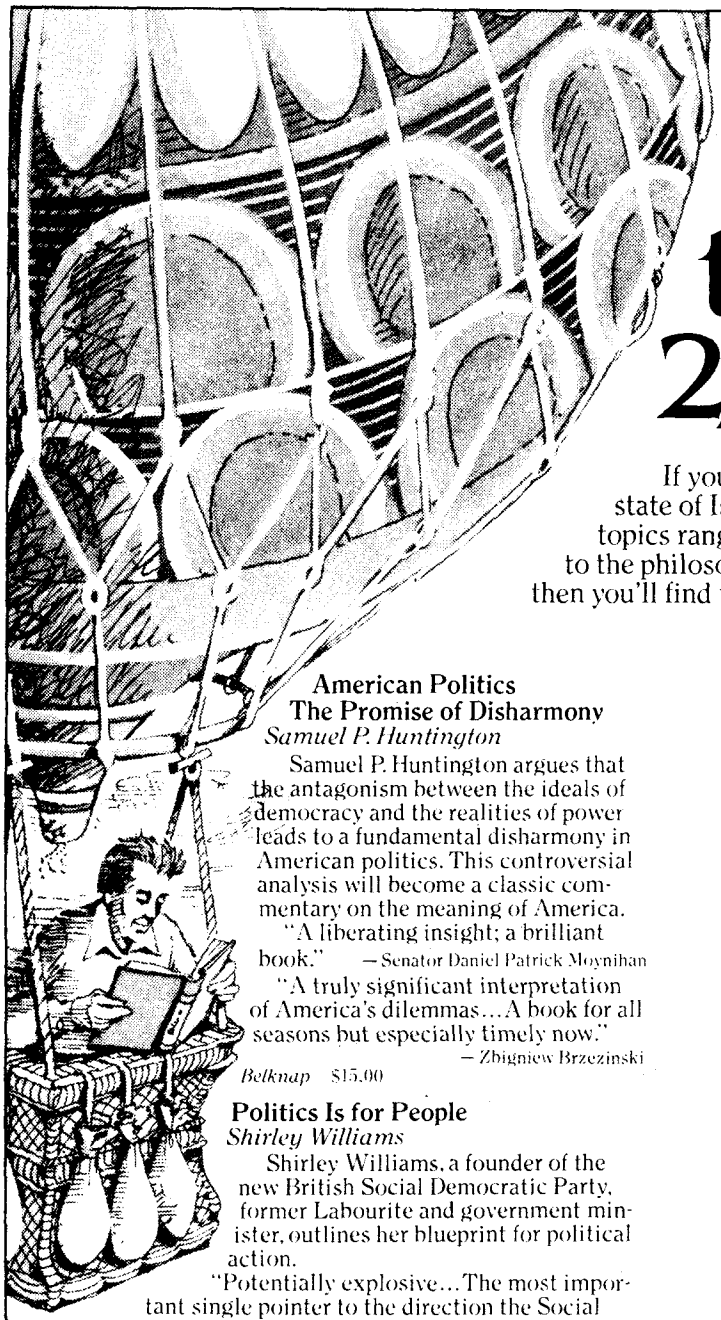

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I had crossed or thought I'd crossed the line from green to blue." Ol' Man River, who had suffered Raban's presence, now spits him out with the rest of the effluvia and sediment, into the Gulf of Mexico. Raban flees to Aunt Polly's "sivilization."

Thus, we end with an ambiguous shrug, but the writer cannot be faulted for the honesty of his ending. Only Samuel Clemens has been able to go the distance with the Mississippi. But in *Old Glory*, Jonathan Raban clearly establishes himself as a Contender. □

A Selective History

KIRKPATRICK SALE

THE LEAGUE FOR INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY, A Documentary History. *Compiled by Bernard K. Johnpoll and Mark R. Yerburgh. Greenwood Press. 2,587 pp. $225.*

If you have gone through your life to this point without ever having heard of the League for Industrial Democracy, it would be safe to say that you are well within the preponderance of your fellow citizens, past and present, and are not to be scorned for ignorance, naïveté or falling asleep in your American History lectures. On the other hand, here's your chance to remedy all that.

Greenwood Press, which does those photo-offset reprints of historical magazines and newspapers, has come forth with a three-volume collection of documents from the League for Industrial Democracy, weighing in at ten and a half pounds and 2,587 pages, and even including a sixty-page history of the organization. By no means does this represent *all* the material the L.I.D. has produced in its seventy-six years; but take my word for it, this is surely enough. From now on, no one need be unacquainted with the organization and its ideas.

There might be some question still, of course, as to why such a monumental collection has been assembled, considering that the L.I.D. might be charitably described as a minuscule fixture in the political world of the twentieth century; and considering that it somehow managed never to take a real stand on any significant issue it confronted—not World War I, the Depression, World War II, McCarthyism, etc.—and that it developed the practice of fence-sitting into an art form Humpty Dumpty would have envied. Even its socialism—the L.I.D. was an unofficial ally of the American Socialist Party—became a flexible thing from decade to decade, as changeable as the political winds into which it continually tacked.

Indeed, I suspect that if the L.I.D. is known at all these days it is probably not for anything it said or did in its long history but rather for being the organization from which Students for a Democratic Society (originally called the *Student* League for Industrial Democracy) broke away to become the leading militant group of the 1960s.

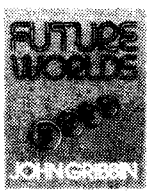
But historical scholarship ought to be as encompassing as Zeus and as innocent as Caesar's wife. It should certainly seek to collect and publish for posterity the documents of obscure organizations as well as those of the renowned. I do not cavil; I would not criticize. Clio embraces all.

And certainly among the authors of these papers are many people who are quite well known on the American left, and whom some may wish to glimpse as they went through this particular phase. They include Jack London, Stuart Chase, Joseph Lash, A.J. Muste, John Dewey, Scott Nearing, Michael Harrington, Ralph Nader—and, of course, the two stalwarts of the L.I.D., Harry Laidler, its fifty-year-long resident scholar, and Norman Thomas, its director and chief activist in the 1920s and 1930s.

But I am troubled by two small matters. The compilers have assembled here seventeen papers written during the 1920s and thirty-seven from the 1930s—decades when the L.I.D. was active enough, after its somewhat lethargic fashion, though never with a membership that went much beyond 3,000 people at its largest. But could it be that there were only four papers worth publishing from the 1950s, when the L.I.D. was a fervent supporter of the cold war, only five from the 1960s, when it mounted heroic defenses of the Vietnam War and rabid attacks on the New Left, and only one from the 1970s? Can it be true that the L.I.D. suddenly stopped writing and publishing—or can it be that the editors feel acutely uncomfortable with the embarrassingly reactionary political line the organization was taking during those decades, and prefer, like dutiful children, not to present the evidence of beloved ones' senility and incontinence? Alas, since the editors never once give any indication of the criteria for their selections, or even of the total amount of material from which the selections were made—rather slipshod that, Clio, wouldn't you say?—there is no way of knowing; suspicions, however, inevitably linger.

And, similarly, coming to the area I myself know best, it does seem very strange indeed to write a sixty-page history of the L.I.D. and say not a single word—not one, nothing, not a tittle—about the organization in the 1970s, though it certainly continued to exist; and to find only a page and a half to say about it in the turmoil of the 1960s. It is that disregard, that ignorance perhaps, that accounts for the editors' apparent belief that there was something acutely bizarre about the early S.D.S.ers' opposition to "social democratic reformism" and American

Kirkpatrick Sale is the author of SDS *(Random House) and* Human Scale *(Coward, McCann & Geoghegan).*



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liberalism, or that there was something disturbingly subversive in S.D.S.'s willingness to let Communist groups join its antiwar marches and campaigns. It is that too, perhaps, that allows the editors to state that S.D.S. disintegrated "within three years" of its 1965 split from the L.I.D. (the big schism was in June 1969, and manifestations of S.D.S. continued for at least another year) and that the reason for this collapse was the infiltration of pro-Mao Communists whom the L.I.D. had kept out. (In fact, the pro-Maoists were only a minor problem, the far larger one being the willingness of older groups like the L.I.D. to adhere to unthinking anti-Communism, and their blind inability to pass on any coherent and sensible radical tradition to the students of the 1960s.)

Ah, well, let us not carp. Here is your chance to learn about an obscure part of American radicalism, and I would expect serious students to leap to it as the entomologist to a new mutation of the melolonthid beetle. Or at least we can take comfort from the fact that, if there ever comes a time when a burning itch to know the L.I.D.'s thoughts on the "Social Management of American Forests" becomes insatiable, we now have the books to start with. □

FILMS.

ROBERT HATCH

Mommie Dearest
Gallipoli
First Monday in October

Like Lady Macbeth, Joan Crawford had no children. However, being at least as determined as the Thane's spouse, and because no recognized adoption agency would accommodate her (single woman, twice divorced), she bought a girl and a boy through the good offices of her lawyer/lover. The horror story that ensued is the subject of *Mommie Dearest*, based on the book by Christina Crawford, the daughter.

Oddly enough, Christina seems to have survived her abominable childhood very well, appearing by the end of the film to be a poised young woman, happily married and with an acting career of her own. But then again, she wrote the book and had the last word, so one cannot be sure what scars she carries. Indeed, there is little enough that one can be certain about in the film, the central enigma being the portrayal of Joan Crawford herself. Faye Dunaway, made up to look startlingly like the great star, plays her as a marionette of steel, sumptuously clothed. She reminded me of one of those female commanders of an intergalactic attack fleet—half courtesan, half Attila the Hun. It is a brilliant work (Frank Perry is the director), it is terrifying, and it may well be true.

Crawford, when we meet her, is still the reigning queen of M.G.M., but her decline has begun. She wants motherhood to give her public image a fillip; she also wants, or conveys the impression that she wants, to be a good mother, and her notion of that is to impose on the children the drive and discipline by which she fought her way to the top of the heap. The boy figures little in the story, but Christina (Mara Hobel; later Diana Scarwid) proves to have a will of her own and the clash is brutal. In front of the publicity cameras, Christina is Joan's cherished doll; in the family mansion, more a stage set than a home, she is a battered child. As time passes, as the girl grows stronger and the mother's career sinks lower, the battles between them grow wilder. Eventually Christina grows up, escapes from the madhouse; eventually Crawford dies, leaving a will that disinherits both children. It is over.

As said above, I don't know what trust to place in this as biography or autobiography, but as a work of theater I am clear enough about it. The screen, as far as I know, has never offered so savage and so compelling a satire of Hollywood in the late years of its glory. It is all facade, all hyperbole, all smiles and deadly embraces. Howard Da Silva appears briefly as Louis B. Mayer, a man seen to be as sweetly lethal as a sponge soaked in chloroform. After he has, with fatherly solicitude, fired Joan, she goes home and begins to rip the rose bushes out of her garden. When the frightened children appear on the scene, she turns to the girl and says, "Tina, bring me the axe," thereupon chopping down a tubbed orange tree. The line broke up a preview audience; it might take its place in movie lore with Mae West's "Beulah, peel me a grape." But did she really say it, and if so, was she acting?

The birthday parties and the Christmas greetings to the TV audience were, of course, show business. But what of the rages, the tears, the hot embraces and the implacable punishments for small offenses? Was Crawford really a sadistic domestic tyrant, or was she caught up in a part she couldn't throw off? Often enough she was accused of hamming it up, of playing to a camera that wasn't there. Maybe so, maybe not—practically speaking, it made little difference to her long-suffering supporting cast. It is not a new story that Hollywood society was in the end devoured by its own illusions. Like most generalizations, it is probably true only up to a point, but *Mommie Dearest* raises it again as a ferocious hypothesis.

In a generally excellent company, Steve Forrest plays the lover who knew when it was time to get out, and Rutanya Alda is the private secretary who gave her life to Crawford with love unclouded by illusions. The screenplay is by Frank Yablans (also the producer), Frank Perry, Tracy Hotchner and Robert Getchell.

With *Gallipoli*, Peter Weir carries Australian film making into the wide world of the screen epic, defined as a picture that covers a great deal of geography, employs a huge cast and comes to a climax in a historical event of high visual excitement and considerable bloodshed. As in his films shown here previously—*The Last Wave* and *Picnic at Hanging Rock*—but without the supernatural overtones of those works, Weir has made a movie full of strange and beautiful scenes. And like Bruce Beresford in *Breaker Morant*, he is intent on gaining his countrymen belated recognition for their voluntary participation in World War I. But whereas Beresford dealt with such slippery matters as guilt, honor and the ambiguities of moral responsibility, Weir is preoccupied with the straightforward impulses of patriotism, youthful zest for adventure and physical courage. *Gallipoli*, like other Australian films, looks innocent to Northern eyes.

It also falls into the predictable pattern of a great many pictures that have sought to deplore war and at the same time make a heart-lifting show of it. Its central figure, named Archy (Mark Lee), is a radiant lad, all laughter, generosity and manly daring; a Rupert Brooke sort of hero. His friend is Frank (Mel Gibson), darker of feature and temperament, slow to catch the challenge of distant battle, but steadfast once he takes the dare. It happens that they are two of the fastest sprinters in Australia; they meet in a race for the national cham-

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pionship and determine to make their way to Perth for enlistment and glory.

The friends are separated at Perth because Archy is joining the Cavalry and Frank cannot ride, but they come together again in Cairo, where Weir spends what I found a weary length of film on the jolly larking of the young troopers in the bazaars of the mysterious East. What with a trek on foot across much of Australia and some mildly comic maneuvers in Egypt, the film does not embark for Gallipoli until well over half its two hours has passed. By then we are deeply engaged in the lives of these two young men and their attractively various comrades, to say nothing of a tough nannie of a top sergeant, and a commanding officer whose humanity is not quite hidden behind protocol and an upper-class briskness of speech. Weir is a director who does not shy at clichés; in fact he uses them with such open enthusiasm that it would be callous to laugh.

When finally the Australians approach the war, the picture offers one of its visual triumphs: the small, open boats slipping through the calm, misty water, with the campfires of the British sparkling on the hill above the beachhead and the artillery of the Turks barking from the opposite shore. Weir and his director of photography, Russell Boyd, create a number of similarly powerful and beautiful images. An earlier one involves a camel and its driver in the Australian desert; another, shortly after the landing, follows some bathing soldiers as they dive beneath the water in an attempt to avoid the Turkish shrapnel.

The battleground itself, I presume scrupulously re-created, is a classic instance of military ineptitude. The British hold a strip of shore a few yards wide, open to the big guns across the strait and overlooked by enemy machine-gun emplacements on the heights immediately above. The slaughter that follows—undertaken to create an unnecessary diversion and kept up against murderous odds because a wristwatch is inaccurate, a field telephone fails and a runner (the fleet Frank) is impeded in his dash through the trenches—conveys the bitter message that young men died because old men were rigid in their exercise of misdirected power. *Gallipoli* says it with passion, but in terms that we have been exposed to many times before. The closing shot of the chivalric Archy frozen into death by a stream of bullets seems sad, maybe pathetic; it no longer equates with the horror of what we must now contemplate as war.

First Monday in October, like *The China Syndrome*, is prospering from a lucky correspondence of fact to fiction. Not that luck was unabetted by foresight; Three Mile Island, or something like it, was at least a probability, and President Reagan's appointment of a woman to the Supreme Court was almost a safe bet. So with that in mind, Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee wrote a play, followed presently by a screenplay, in which Walter Matthau and Jill Clayburgh work each other over with a loving malice that takes one back to the bouts between Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn.

Matthau, as Justice Dan Snow, is first seen climbing a mountain, grumbling irritably at his lagging companions; it is evident that we are to identify him as Justice William O. Douglas. He plays the part as a twinkly curmudgeon, which in recent years is almost the only part he gets to play. It is adequate for the picture, if hardly for the prototype. Clayburgh's Ruth Loomis, whom Snow characterizes before her arrival on the high bench as the "Mother Superior of Orange County," cannot have been modeled on anyone, since President Reagan had not yet showed his hand. It was drawn on a hunch. The film, thus, is a battle between a male liberal and a female reactionary—each of whom is out to break the ideology of the other and both of whom come to realize that it takes all kinds to make our beautiful way of life and that they in particular are the salt of democracy.

The Snow-Loomis pitched battles take place over two cases, one involving pornography, the other the public's right to know what goes on behind locked corporate doors. The arguments advanced in these debates are routine in substance and wooden in performance, though Clayburgh enlivens them somewhat by her gift for appearing at once sexy and self-righteous. On the other hand, the repartee between the two principals, the ironic accidents that befall them and the trivia of the Supreme Court cloakroom and offices, exposing the alleged foibles of the esteemed jurists, is entertaining at a reliable level of commercial frivolity. The film is capably directed by Ronald Neame, who knows how to waste your time without quite insulting your intelligence. □

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AUTHOR'S QUERY

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SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1882

S	T	A	G	E	D	I	R	E	C	T	I	O	N	■
I	■	N	■	A	■	D	■	N	■	R	■	V	■	P
M	O	D	E	S	T	Y	■	T	R	I	R	E	M	E
P	■	O	■	T	■	L	■	E	■	P	■	R	■	A
L	E	V	E	E	S	■	C	R	U	S	A	D	E	S
E	■	E	■	R	■	C	■	P	■	■	■	U	■	■
T	■	R	A	N	C	H	E	R	■	T	R	E	E	S
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M	E	A	N	N	E	S	S	■	R	A	T	I	O	N
O	■	G	■	Y	■	K	■	A	■	D	■	M	■	G
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■	A	S	P	A	L	E	A	S	A	G	H	O	S	T

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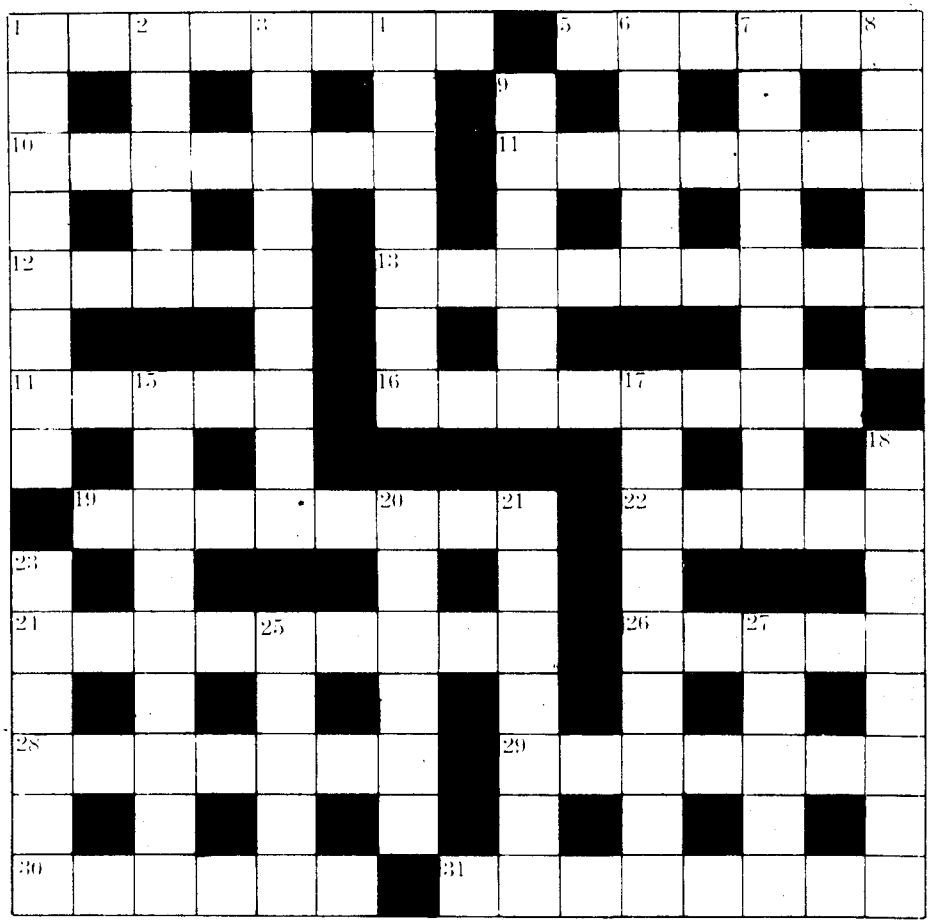
Crossword Puzzle No. 1883

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 In the future, war dedications will be given their due. (8)
5 Teenagers might be self-conscious wearing them, but bits might fit. (6)
10 A singular site for archeological work. (7)
11 See 1 down
12 A dealer might be responsible for the distribution of such field workers. (5)
13 Singularly brief—or unmentionable. (9)
14 What returning vacationers might not want to see as a dance. (5)
16 What some prefer to keep closeted? (8)
19 It's not as bad as what radio receivers can pick up! (8)
22 and 2 down Wainwright perhaps made his mark here, but one doesn't drink this way. (2,3,5)
24 When two is fractionated, a number of small miners might be associated with such. (9)
26 Ray gets lots of letters, this being one of them. (5)
28 Was such a treaty recently dead, yet operated finally? (7)
29 Not a mine disaster—more of a beastly trap! (7)
30 Changes the text, with the type spaces around the finish. (6)
31 Not the usual director for one who may have extended a line of sorts. (8)

DOWN

1 and 11 across Two old Russians, also showing the cold, as they say, may be given a tuneful hurrah. (3,5,3,4)
2 See 22 across
3 Take a sort of tour and Spain, possibly, and you'll find what shouldn't be needed much in the mountains there, as the song goes. (9)
4 Used to hold breakfast food. (3,4)
6 Bill is sometimes associated with this horseman. (5)
7 One may be, if not declared safe; people have done so for help. (6,3)
8 To go astray in such violet-like surroundings calls for a drink. (6)
9 Traditionally not held up for comparison, perhaps because it's light. (6)
15 and 25 Should the monastic type be so? "Never!" according to some of us. (3,3,3,5)
17 Troubled, and Lee got pulled one way. (9)
18 One usually doesn't sell lots, but it makes the tire real cracked. (8)
20 Otherwise "No!" is "No!"—as any expert knows. (6)
21 Pull man together for the equivalent—one might surprise you in the competition. (7)
23 This member of a famous love affair is otherwise solid, to a point. (6)
25 See 15 down
27 Intended to show Manet's composition. (5)

SEE LAST WEEK'S SOLUTION AT LEFT

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